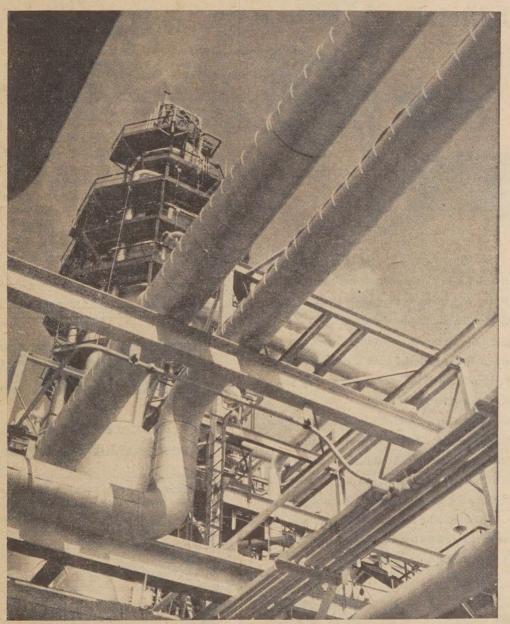
# The Listener

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In this number:

Vergil and the Christian World (T. S. Eliot, O.M.)
Growing Old in 'Coaltown' (Rosemary Carey)
An Obstinate Exile (Laurie Lee)

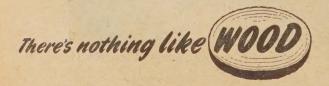
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## The Listener

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## The Function of Parliamentary Opposition

By T. E. UTLEY

EARLY all the modern textbooks tell us that the essential glory of the British Constitution consists in the fact that it recognises that it is as important to have an effective Opposition as it is to have an efficient Government—and, indeed, that the two things are quite inseparable. But like so many of the more incidental glories of the Constitution this one is, in fact, of very recent origin. The practice of paying the leader of the Opposition a salary, although it is often spoken of as though it were a charming relic of the age of chivalry, dates only from 1937, and the great classic textbooks of constitutional theory in the nineteenth century, the Diceys and the Bagehots, say practically nothing of the Opposition. It is scarcely too much to say that the notion that the duty of opposing belongs specifically to one section of the House of Commons, to one party, would have been mildly horrifying to many mid-Victorian minds. Bagehot said, for example: 'The House of Commons is an electoral chamber; it is the assembly which chooses our president'. And he adds: 'No matter that a few months since it was chosen to support Lord Aberdeen or Lord Palmerston; upon a sudden occasion it ousts the statesman to whom it at first adhered, and selects an opposite statesman whom it at first rejected'. Obviously, he is thinking of the House as most of his contemporaries thought of it—as a corporate entity, a body with a will and a soul of its own, existing in its corporate and undivided state to choose, to criticise, and, when necessary, to dismiss governments; standing in perpetual potential opposition to the

And, equally obviously, on this view of the nature of the House of Commons it is quite impossible to accept the modern conception of the Opposition without attributing to the part what was held to belong to the whole. This modern conception of Opposition arises from two-party system, and the two-party system is another of those constitutional traditions which were, in fact, born yesterday. You may truly say that it did not begin to dominate British political life until

1931, when the elimination of the Liberals left the Conservatives and the Socialists with the field to themselves.

Of course, it was developing rapidly throughout the nineteenth century, and it would have developed much faster if there had not always been a body of rebellious Irishmen at Westminster to be a thorn in the flesh of both the Conservatives and the Liberals. But quite apart from that, the nineteenth-century party system was infinitely more fluid than it is today. There was scarcely one major issue throughout the nineteenth century on which the main parties were not deeply divided against themselves. The Repeal of the Corn Laws split the Tories, and generated the Peelites. Russell's Reform Bill of 1866 split the Liberals, and then Irish Home Rule split the Liberals again and gave birth to the Liberal Unionists.

You may say that the stability of the party system in Victorian England depended entirely on the absence of great political issues. Conflicts of principle—far from being as they are today, its daily nourishment—were poison to it, but the poison was never so venomous as to stop the process of growth by which the modern party system was gradually coming into being. Whigs and Tories always remained to provide the framework of British political life, and those who strayed from one fold were drawn slowly but irresistibly into the other. The Liberal Party, for example, under Gladstone, resulted from a combination of Peelites and Whigs, and when the Liberal Unionists left the Liberal Party they soon became merged in the Tory Party. And when no great question was at issue something like a two-party system, something like a continuous organised conflict between Government and Opposition, did go on, and it was out of this conflict that the principle that it is the Opposition's duty to oppose came about.

The truth of the matter is that from 1846 onwards two totally different conceptions of the nature of parliamentary alliances were discreetly competing for ascendancy. The first dated from the unreformed House of Commons, where politics was a matter of personalities,

where the battle raged quite openly and unashamedly not about what the Government should do but about who should govern. And the second conception of the nature of a parliamentary alliance was born with the great Reform Bill of 1832. It heralded the era in which mass electorates had to be won over by promises of legislation, and in which parties ceased to be personal alliances and became organs for the making and selling of policy. What gave stability to the old, unreformed House of Commons, in so far as it had any stability, was a network of more or less durable alliances, held together by personal loyalties in which common political principles might or might not have a part. It was this kind of party which Burke had in mind in his famous defence of party government. The eighteenth-century party system, however, presupposed a peaceful political atmosphere—it could only function in a Commons which was not disturbed by great public questions, it was adapted to the need of a legislature preoccupied almost entirely with private legislation, with Bills authorising the enclosure of a particular piece of land or the payment of a particular pension. In these circumstances, government was a matter of detail—it could be approached only empirically. You might condemn a Cabinet for inefficiency but you could scarcely execrate it for want of principle, because except on very rare occasions-such as the American War of Independence-principles simply did not enter into the question.

#### Peel's Outlook

Long after the passing of the great Reform Bill this old eighteenthcentury mentality survived. To take one striking example, nearly all Sir Robert Peel's political troubles derived simply from the fact that he was by temperament and training an eighteenth-century House of Commons man. He thought of himself as head of an alliance held together by personal loyalty to him. He believed that his first duty -his only duty when he was in office-was to carry on the King's Government by whatever means might be necessary, even if those means did involve—as on two famous occasions, the controversy over the Maynooth Grant and the Repeal of the Corn Laws-the breach of his own declared principles, the abandonment of his party's policy, and the letting down of his own supporters in the House. When he was leader of the Conservative Party in opposition, after the passing of the great Reform Bill, he did not think it was his duty to try to win back lost ideological ground. He thought it was his duty to construct an efficient party which would be capable of giving day-to-day empirical criticism of government policy, and which would not be burdened by any great excess of principle. It is this kind of mentality which explains much of nineteenth-century politics, and it is this kind of mentality which alone can justify and make morally tolerable the principle that it is the Opposition's duty to oppose. So long as you assume that the fundamentals of politics and society are not in dispute it is perfectly reasonable to hold that a country's affairs will be best handled by putting one set of politicians in power and authorising another set of politicians to do their best to get them out.

The assumption underlying this arrangement is that whatever Government is in office will have essentially the same task to perform—the task of reconciling divergent interests by peaceful and tactful compromise. The assumption is that politics is not a succession of problems, each of which has an absolutely right answer, but simply a succession of difficulties, each of which has to be ironed out as best it may, and each of which could conceivably always be ironed out better than it is being by the Government which is actually in power. And if you accept this assumption, it is obviously not at all morally offensive to accept the principle of opposing for opposing's sake. All the Opposition is doing is exploring the possibilities of better and more efficient administration. And since the possibilities are inexhaustible, it is perfectly legitimate for it to set out to pick holes, and when it divides the House against the Government it will not be condemning a particular measure as utterly bad but only announcing the innocent and, indeed, humanly inevitable belief that it could have done rather better itself. Nor can there be any objection on this view to the Opposition's employing every possible device of political tactics to get the Government out of office. If you go into the Lobby with a man, you do not necessarily accept all his preferences and beliefs, you merely register a common intention which may arise from quite different motives to dispose of a Government.

Furthermore, the possibility of strategic manoeuvres of this kind, which was always present throughout the nineteenth century, gave each successive Cabinet an overriding interest in trying to conciliate the broadest range of opinion in the House, in trying to reconcile the

greatest number of divergent interests and points of view; in trying, in fact, to do precisely the job which Government was held to exist for. Throughout the nineteenth century, therefore, parliamentary tactics were considered to be a necessary and creditable art, and there were always the Radicals or the Irish or the Peelites to hold the balance between the two main parties and to give endless opportunities for parliamentary skill on the part of an Opposition determined to get the Government out of office. To take only one typical example: Russell, in 1859, defeated one of Disraeli's Reform Bills by a masterly amendment which was deliberately calculated to unite extreme Radicals and extreme Conservatives in opposition to the Government. And this sort of thing went on all the time, and nobody thought that it was in any way reprehensible.

But, and this is the essential point, all the time, a completely new conception of the nature of parliamentary alliances-indeed, of the nature of parliamentary democracy itself-was gradually developing, alongside the old views. A new kind of party was coming into being, a party which was held together not merely by personal loyalty plus a vague community principle, but by historical myths, philosophic convictions and, above all, a legislative programme. A thousand causes contributed to this development, but the chief of them was the need to carry politics from the Commons to the country, a need which was increased with every extension of the franchise. Slowly, the theory was gaining ground that the primary purpose of the Commons was not, as Bagehot had said it was, to criticise, to elect, to dismiss Governments, but simply faithfully to register public opinion as recorded at General Elections. And when parties found that they depended on popular votes they had perforce to take pains to keep their supporters in the country in a state of stable enthusiasm between the elections, and this necessitated party organisation. And the new party organisations in turn had to be given the illusion that they were genuine policy-makers, not mere instruments of a remote, centralised leadership. Joe Chamberlain's National Liberal Federation became the model for both party organisations, and by the end of the century the party conference—an institution which would have been absolutely incredible for long after 1832 was becoming a real factor in the determination of national policy.

It is impossible to assign praise or blame to any one party for all these developments. Disraeli struck the first blow for the principle of mandatory democracy when he attacked Peel for betraying the Conservative Party's election pledges over the Repeal of the Corn Laws. Salisbury struck another formidable blow for mandatory democracy when he attacked Disraeli for betraying his election pledges over parliamentary reform, and he struck several more on the various occasions on which he defended the House of Lords' veto as the only means of ensuring that the House of Commons carried out the instructions it had got from the electorate. You might, indeed, make a very good case for the view that Jacobinism entered British politics via Disraeli and the Marquis of Salisbury.

Be this as it may, the fruits of the constitutional revolution are now with us, and they very intimately affect the modern view of the duties of an Opposition. In the first place, now the electorate has been led to believe that it is the source of policy, political parties can no longer go to the country with a mere claim that they are more competent than their opponents. They have to say what they will do if they are returned to power; they have to issue policy manifestos, and make formal pledges. And these manifestos and pledges have, in the first instance, to satisfy a party conference—an assembly of the converted. And, therefore, they always tend to stress rather than to blur the difference between the two political parties. As a consequence of this, conflicts of principle which were so often fatal to the party system in the nineteenth century are the very life-blood of the party system today, and when no conflict of principle exists one has to be manufactured.

#### What a General Election Now Settles

Secondly, a General Election settles far more than it used to. When a party comes to power it is already heavily committed, and it is increasingly difficult for its opponents to challenge its policy not only because of the ever-increasing pressure on parliamentary time but also because of the theory which has gained a good deal of ground, even among Conservatives in the present Parliament, that there is something intrinsically treacherous about opposing a measure which the electorate has already approved; unless, of course, you can show that the majority of the electorate has changed its mind or that it never did favour the particular measure in question.

Finally, the elimination of small parties and the belief that policy is

a sort of emanation from a semi-divine entity called the 'people' have both tended to kill the art of parliamentary tactics, which was once the Opposition's chief preoccupation. Politics has got to be a serious business. Democratic electorates will not stand for frivolous opposition. As a consequence, Oppositions are more and more chary of dividing on issues on which they are not irreconcilably opposed to the Government. Or, to put it differently, they have to do their best whenever they do divide the House to make an issue of principle, whatever the question may be. And in order to maintain the continuity of this grand struggle, of which British politics now consists, both sides have had to invent or elaborate myths. The left-wing myth in Britain is an adaptation of a dominated by that very dialectical process of which British political Macaulay's History; the right-wing myth was invented by Disraeli.

And both these myths make the parties look not like expedient alliances, as they used to, but like mystical beings, each of which embodies throughout the centuries a distinct philosophy of politics.

Mr. Herbert Morrison once offered to give the Opposition lessons in how to oppose, but I think that the job might prove too difficult even for him. For modern conditions have made opposing a most unenviable, if not quite an unpractical, pursuit. For the conflict between Government and Opposition, which was the regular basis of nineteenth-century politics, we seem to have substituted the metaphysical battle between Right and Left, and British political life is now more and more theory has always stubbornly refused to take account.

Third Programme

## How the German Communists Attract Youth

By A GERMAN STUDENT

T is now barely a month since the third International Youth Conference, held in the eastern sector of Berlin, came to an end. And one of the highlights of that rally was the massed march past on an August Sunday of one million members of the Freie Deutsche Jugend—the Free German Youth. It may sound unbelievable that so many Germans between the ages of ten and twenty are again organised in a nazi-like way-and in a cause which the nazis fought againstbut it is a plain fact. They are not carrying swastikas this time, certainly; now it is red bolshevist flags. And they are dressed not in brown shirts, but in blue ones. But the common factor is the organisation: it is the same today in what is called the German Democratic Republic as it was yesterday under the nazi dictatorship of the Third Reich. At the present moment between three and four million young Germans are members of the communist youth organisations.

What is the explanation? Do they really want to be organised in this way? Have they just got used to it? Or is there some strong compulsion behind it all? There are no simple answers to these questions, but perhaps if I describe some of the changes which have taken place in eastern Germany since the war, as they have affected young people, it well help to explain. I was at school in the Russian zone for nearly five years, and I have seen and felt these changes taking place.

all my friends and I-all young people over the age of ten, in fact—had been members of the Hitler Youth, and you will understand that we did not turn into communists at once. But there were some young people, especially the children of pre-Hitler communists and social-democrats, who founded an anti-fascist group called the 'Antifa' Youth, shortly after the Russian occupation. They were encouraged by the Russians, and also by the newly-formed antifascist parties-the Communists, the Social Democrats, the Liberal Democrats and the Christian Democrats. At that time, the general attitude of the German people, who had just lost a war, towards the occupation troops was particularly suspicious. We were rather perplexedsometimes rather amused -by the Americans, who

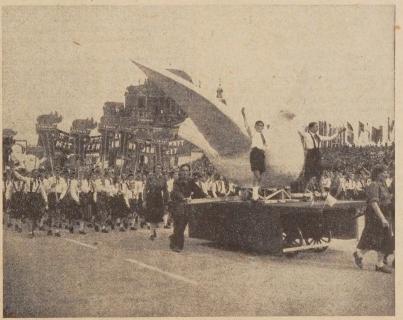
When the war ended,

came first; and rather frightened by the Russians, who replaced them, So hardly anyone actively supported a youth organisation which was obviously on good terms with the Russians. The Antifa Youth was founded by politically-minded people, and most of us were rather fed up with political ideas in general. But that did not mean we had any strong objections to the organisation, and many of my friends and I joined in reconstruction works inspired by the Antifa Youth: rubbleclearing, mainly, and some tree-felling in the woods. As far as I remember, there was very little political activity at this time, and the active membership of the Antifa Youth remained small.

The second stage in the development of the youth organisations started in the spring of 1946, when the Communist Party and the Social Democrat Party were linked together under Russian pressure into the Sozialistiche Einheitspartei Deutschlands-or S.E.D. for short —the Social Unity Party. It was shortly after this that the Free German Youth organisation was founded. The Antifa Youth was dissolved and its members were absorbed into the new organisation. The Free German Youth called themselves non-party, but they frankly admitted that the S.E.D. was worth imitating, and they were openly encouraged by the Russians. That did not help them to get new members, for in 1946 conditions in the eastern zone were very hard indeed.

Most of us were almost starving. Every day, German housewives and their children were leaving the towns carrying carpets, suits, pieces of furniture, anything they could possibly spare, and exchanging these things in the country for a few potatoes or a drop of milk. I lost my skiing shoes and my bicycle that way. There was a tremendous blackmarket throughout the zone, and we saw very little of the food that the farmers in the district were producing. I did see once the wrapping paper from some butter produced in east Germany, which some prisoners had brought back with them from Siberia, where it was part of their rations. The only fat we had we called Stalinfata substitute which was not fat at all.

So we did not think of much else at this time than getting food, but the



International Youth Conference in the eastern sector of Berlin last month: young communists drawing a 'Dove of Peace' through the Unter den Linden

Free German Youth tried to explain the shortages away, and it was not very convincing. You have a saying that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach: I think that helps to explain why so few of us were enthusiastic about the Free German Youth. They were not bothered very much about our stomachs.

So far I have only given some reasons why not more than a few young Germans joined the Free German Youth in 1946. If I should give a starting date for the third stage in the growth of this organisationwhich has lasted up till now-I might fix the summer of 1947. By then the S.E.D. had got things in the eastern zone well under control. Collective farms had been set up, most of the factories had become state property, the schools had been provided with communist-trained teachers, and many new associations were being formed, like one for the study of Soviet culture. Everything was set for turning east Germany into a 'people's democracy': all that remained was to turn the people into 'democrats'. The S.E.D. realised that they could not easily convert the majority of adults, because these people would not recognise the new changes as progress. Our parents could remember different conditions before the war, and they used to tell us about them. That was dangerous, and so the S.E.D. began to concentrate on the young people. It was then that the Free German Youth began to grow, and it grew suddenly and rapidly. So how did the communists manage to attract young Germans in thousands?

#### Lure of the New Football

Let me start with the very young. Young children, above all, like to do things together: they like especially to play together. Today in east Germany private youth clubs and sports clubs are forbidden. You cannot even buy a football for yourself. So you can understand what happens to a small boy who is standing on the edge of a state-owned playing-ground, watching his friends who are members of the Young Pioneers playing with a brand-new football. Of course he goes and begs his mother to let him join. It is not easy to refuse, and almost impossible to make the child understand. So in a good many cases the youngster joins the Young Pioneers—the organisation for young people between ten and fourteen—and he gets his game of football. Some-times he gets more food as well, he gets a nice uniform too, and he is with his friends again—but he is now also in the midst of a politically organised life. The S.E.D. spares no expense—later on the expected political profits will make it good-and besides playing-grounds, the Young Pioneers have hostels and instruction rooms all over the country. Except for the fact that they are learning a new version of politics, they are in exactly the same position that we were in the Hitler Youth -being trained to become leaders and officials in the state. A twelveyear-old boy told me last summer that the 'swines of west Berlin ought to be killed'. He had just come back from the big Whitsun rally a fanatic at twelve-and it did not matter to him that the 'swines of west Berlin' were Germans too.

But the main youth organisation is the Free German Youth, which includes all age groups between fourteen and twenty-one. The important difference from the Young Pioneers-at least at the moment-is that people in this age group, like myself, who can remember the nazis and the war, are old enough to recognise what is happening around them. There are a number of fanatics, but a great many are politically ill-disposed or indifferent to the new regime, or are only weakly convinced of what they are told. It is not easy to turn them into communists. But many of them have joined the Free German Youth. Take a young German factory worker, for example. Conditions in the Russian- and state-owned factories are marked by the efforts to imitate the Russian Stakhanov system. If young people join the 'quality brigades' or the 'activity groups' they have the advantage of special payments, extra food and clothing. Under present conditions these rewards are very attractive, and the young factory worker can more easily be persuaded that the communists are improving living conditions. When he hears reports about unemployment in western Germany, it strengthens his opinions. And there is all sorts of propaganda in the factories. Just before I came to England, I had the opportunity to see the amateur theatricals group of a Leipzig engine factory. Their play described the suppression of the Negroes in America. The Negroes on the stage fell down in great numbers, beaten to death by the capitalist police. A young girl in a blue youth shirt near me was genuinely upset.

What brutes these Americans are', she said.

And what about the professions? Today nearly every professional career in the eastern zone depends on a Free German Youth membership card. That presses especially upon the intellectual youth. Strangely

enough they form a considerable part of the Free German Youth. There were thirty boys in the upper class of the Higher School I used to attend, all between seventeen and twenty-two years of age (the high ages were an after-effect of the war). One of them was a member of the Social Unity Party and three were in the Free German Youth. Several months before we were going to take our final examinations, those who wanted to join a university were asked to fill in certain forms. There were questions like: 'Can you prove any democratic activities?' 'Are you a member of the Free German Youth?' 'Are you an official of the Free German Youth?' A few days later all the applicants—I think there were twenty-three altogether-were ordered before the S.E.D. educational committee, who questioned them. Obviously the committee had studied the content of those forms very carefully because now the questions were: 'Why are you not a member of the Free German Youth?' and 'Why are you not a youth official?' The answers this time were somewhat apologetic since no one dared to produce his real opinion. Anyway, they were told that there was no chance of joining a university without being able to prove some 'democratic activity'. And the further effect was that within a few weeks twenty-one of those twenty-three had become members of the Free German Youth. The other two were members already.

The Russians, when they came to Germany—like the Americans and

The Russians, when they came to Germany—like the Americans and the British—talked a lot about democracy. We did not have much sympathy for this at first, for we had always been taught that democracy was a decadent idea. And the sort of puzzle which was, and still is, occupying the minds of a great many young Germans in the eastern zone today, is this: This sort of democracy certainly does not make life very pleasant, but perhaps it is even worse in another democracy. Perhaps communism might be a good thing in the long run. There must be something in this anti-west propaganda. What guarantee is there that life is better in the west? I put it rather naively; but it is not a too-far-away story. Some of those who think as I described, remain undecided. They become nominal members of the Free German Youth, but are waiting to see what happens. Some others become convinced of the rightness of the situation and they become full communists. A few take a risk and try to slip across the border into western Germany, as I did. I was lucky in avoiding the people's police on the border; not everyone is. And I was luckier still in being able to come to England.

For the puzzle I referred to is not solved very easily in western Germany either. It is true that young people there are freer to act and think than they are in the east, but they are still bewildered by democracy. When I got to a railway station in the west, I saw on the bookstalls all those paper magazines with their crime and love stories which we had been taught to regard as signs of western decadence, both by the nazis and the communists. It is very puzzling. When I asked a Free German Youth official what he believed was the most important part of youth education, he said: 'Marxism'. When I asked a young west German clerk the same question, the answer was: 'I don't know'.

Young Germans—and I am talking about my own generation—are used to believing in what seems to them great ideas, or nothing. And what I have seen in east and west Germany recently seems to prove this point. The trouble is that in the eastern zone, if you do not believe in the great idea, there is nothing else. That is clear enough. In western Germany, as I saw it, not much is really clear yet. That is why I think I was lucky that I could come to England. I saw one sort of life in eastern Germany, and I have seen another sort of life here. I do not understand everything that happens here. But I have been able to compare one way with another and that is an important experience. If it is not exactly a great idea, at least it is a great opportunity.

-Home Service

#### A Settlement with Russia?

A series of seven talks is now being broadcast in the B.B.C.'s European Service on this problem as various speakers see it. The speakers are W. N. Ewer, Edward Crankshaw, Douglas Woodruff, K. Zilliacus, Lord Layton, B. H. Liddell Hart and Arnold Toynbee

The talks will be published in THE LISTENER starting next week

## Political Problems in Norway

By CHRISTIAN A. R. CHRISTENSEN

N Norway, as in most other European countries, local elections are seen more and more as an important trial of strength between general elections, for they come in the middle of the parliamentary period of four years. This certainly is the explanation of the unusually heated political debate this summer. The actual election campaign has barely got under way, but the ground has been thoroughly prepared through the debate on national politics. At the last local election, in 1947, Labour (which has had a parliamentary majority since 1945) suffered a set-back, due, most people think, to the austerity and all the supply difficulties at that time. But at the general elections of 1949 Labour won a new great victory, increasing considerably its majority. The question this year therefore will not be whether the Labour vote has increased from 1947, which will almost certainly be the case, but how the figures will compare with those from the victory year of 1949.

#### Agreement over Foreign Affairs

The really important problems in the political life of this country (as, I presume, in most other countries of western Europe) are connected with economy. Issues which before the war could rouse bitter controversies are now agreed upon by all parties, except the communists. That holds true, for instance, for foreign affairs, for matters of defence policy, for most social and cultural problems: there is normally an overwhelming majority behind most decisions in these fields. Not so when it comes to questions of nationalisation, of regulations, of 'planning'. Opinions are very much divided when it comes to questions like these: To what extent shall the state interfere with business, to what extent shall it engage in industrial ventures?

The debate on principles has, of course, continued during the summer, but the main interest has centred on a special undertaking: a great state-owned aluminium plant, which at one single stroke will double Norway's output of that precious light metal, a brisk 40,000 tons a year. These aluminium works are to be placed at Sunndalsora, on the north-west coast, using the electric power from a huge hydro-electric plant now under construction there. Work on this power plant, at the Aura Falls, was originally started by a British company back in 1913, with the intention to produce carbide and cyanamide. The British had, however, despite a good start, to give up under the crisis between the two great wars. During the occupation the Germans tried their hand (mostly in the hopeless task of shovelling away snow up in the mountains), but were unable to finish what the British had started. Now, at long last, the gigantic task, involving the formation of a new lake, twenty miles long, is nearing completion, and the Aura power plant will be the largest in Norway, with a capacity of 350,000 kilowatts. This power plant would have been completed in any circumstances, and nobody protested against that plan. What provoked the most animated debate of this summer, perhaps of this year, was the Governme decision to build a huge aluminium plant in connection with the power plant. The Opposition parties united against it, not because they thought the idea bad in itself, but because they found the plan badly prepared and the problems insufficiently worked out. Also, they held that this great task—involving the investment of 350,000,000 kroner, that is £17,500,000—would put a most unhealthy strain on our already heavily taxed economic resources, even though a substantial part of the capital needed would come as a loan from the E.C.A. The terms on which this loan was given (it is to be paid back in aluminium at a special price), were also freely criticised by the Opposition, which maintained that the rate of interest would be not the nominal 21 per cent., but effectively as much as 7 per cent.

The main objection, however, was that the great investments at Sunndalsora in the present situation would necessarily strain our whole economic structure, even (as the Central Bank put it) to the point of threatening our whole economic equilibrium. The Government is hard at it, fighting inflation, cutting down on investments, both public and private, trying hard to stretch the scarce supply of manpower, materials and foreign currency to match the needs of trades and industries wanting

to modernise and expand. When the Government says that the aluminium works will be a profitable undertaking, the Opposition counters: that may well be, but so are many other undertakings and trades—shipping, for instance—which are not allowed to make the most profit able investments they want to; and when you, half a year ago, stressed the importance of cutting down spending in every field and made a great show of reducing state investments by 50,000,000 kroner, how can you now suddenly be in the position to spend so much money, labour and materials on the new plant—350,000,000 kroner—without telling how you are going to find the equivalent reduction in other items of the national budget?

The Government's answer is that the plant will give very substantial amounts of sorely needed foreign currency, that it will be able to compete very successfully thanks to the cheap electric power from Aura; that, when completed, it will have a great production on very little manpower, and that even if one concedes that this is an inconvenient time for such an undertaking, it is now or never. It is very difficult to get foreign credits nowadays, and the E.C.A. offer will not be made twice—we must jump at the chance. Further, aluminium is on the list of scarce raw materials, in great demand for armament purposes; therefore it is also a duty Norway owes the other nations of the west, to get the new production under way as soon as possible; the production of aluminium also fits exceedingly well in with the design for European economic co-operation under the O.E.E.C. The debate on the aluminium works at Sunndalsora will not dominate the coming election campaign. But I have chosen to enlarge on it because I can focus on it many of the principal items in current political debate in Norway; state investments versus private enterprise, new works versus expansion and modernising of older ones, industry versus other trades, versus communications, and versus housing, and moreover the problems raised by the inflationary pressure, the inner financial instability, over-expansion, over-employment and so forth.

A great many other issues will put themselves forward in the impending campaign; for instance, housing, taxation, the fuel crisis. Housing has been, and still is, our most urgent social problem since the war. The shortage was caused partly by bombing and burning during the war, partly by the break in construction for five years, partly by a fairly great increase in the population, and-last but not least-by a shift in the age structure of that population. There are now proportionately many more people in the age groups between twenty and fifty than before; that means more people who are marrying, settling down, and getting a family about them, which all leads to a greater demand for rooms than in a society with fewer, if larger, families, and proportionately more children. The shortage is still very great, and it is a matter of contention whose responsibility—if anybody's—this is; the Government maintaining that everything within the reach of possibility has been done to master the problem, the Opposition maintaining that much more might have been accomplished if the building offensive had not bogged down in red tape and been hampered by an unsound economic policy.

#### Cost of Living

One of the other points where the Opposition is sure to attack is the heavy taxation, especially since the cost of living started to rise about eighteen months ago. Taxes—increased mainly through the new great appropriations for the defence effort—do hurt, in the lower as well as in the upper income brackets. Taxes represent an issue where the Opposition may score a point, if for no other reason because economic difficulties easily may turn people against the party in power, be it responsible for the trouble or not. Another thing is that in this situation it would be a paradoxical result indeed if part of the electorate should turn against Labour because of a strained private economy; the fact is that we have had wage increases twice during the last twelve months, and that it is one of the non-communist Opposition's most severe grievances against the Government that it has allowed this to happen instead of fighting tooth and nail the rising costs and the inflationary pressure.—From a talk in the Home Service

## The Listener

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## The Great Wen

INCE at least the sixteenth century men have complained about the size of London which in population—and in degrees of wealth and squalor-dominated England much as it does today. Thousands of books and pamphlets, of White Papers and Blue Books have been written on the subject, and the question of redistributing industry was still puzzling the pundits in 1939 when the war came and, as it were, redistributed it by force majeure. In this Great Wen London's citizens are absorbed in their work and play and many of them never leave except for some seaside resort that seeks to be London-by-the-sea or perhaps for the Continent. On the other hand, the inhabitants of these islands who are fortunate enough not to live in London invariably have to visit it if only to see its caged animals, waxworks and tea-shops, and so their view is less parochial. Thus it is useful to have the reaction of one who has become a Londoner malgré lui, Laurie Lee, the poet, whose recent broadcast in the Home Service giving the impressions of an 'obstinate exile' is published on another page.

What he says represents of course the feelings of the countryman or provincial whose attitude to London is inevitably ambivalent; it differs in every way from that of the Cockney who was born within the sound of Bow Bells. He is, if he will pardon the expression, the ersatz Londoner, like the Englishman who lives all his life in Paris or in Florence as a pseudo-Parisian or adoptive Florentine except that, since he regards London without pride, he is not plus cockney que les cockneys. However, he is no more ersatz than the London business man who finds his cottage on the thirty-mile or maybe the fifty-mile radius and drives down there to feed his chickens on Sunday until London reaches out her great maw and the cottage becomes another census unit in mighty suburbia.

The truth is, one supposes, that the Men who would Make Good, and above all the professional men and artists, the writers, the architects, the engineers and so on have to kowtow to London, where so many boards meet, newspaper proprietors hold sway, and a few collectivised patrons are to be found. Only persons of tremendous energy, force of character, and infinite capacity for taking trains can live and work in the country and maintain those indispensable 'contacts' in London without which one runs the danger of becoming a forgotten man. Even the famous C. P. Scott, sound protagonist of provincial independence, one remembers, made his regular pilgrimage by the midnight train to London. Still, the real countryman need have no doubt that Londoners envy him, especially in these times of food scarcity. They know, as dwellers in every great capital have known in the history of mankind, that in the last resort our life depends not on the tawdry City offices nor the latest twinkles in the eyes of the Ministry of Works, with all their files and telephones, but on the indestructible soil of the countryside and the willingness of countrymen to put aside some portion of their produce to feed the rapacious mouths of hordes of townees.

## What They Are Saying

Broadcast comments on the Japanese treaty

ONCE AGAIN, THE SAN FRANCISCO conference was the principal subject for commentators in both east and west. In the United States, the main points stressed in press comment were that although the Japanese treaty was not perfect, it was a great contribution to peace. The New York Times was quoted as putting it:

Among the vast majority of those who are gathered in San Francisco there is a solid core of goodwill. They represent peoples who abbor war and want peace. They speak for all those who want a return to recognised moral standards in human and national behaviour. Agreement among them is therefore possible, however wide may be the differences

of opinion on specific proposals.

In another article, the same newspaper was quoted as expressing the desire to see the same imaginative initiative applied to the problem of signing a peace treaty with Germany, to be discussed at the Three-Power Foreign Ministers' meeting in Washington. From India, the Indian News Chronicle was quoted for the view that no country objected to Japan's re-entry into the community of nations; but many doubted whether the present treaty was the best means of ensuring peace and security in the Far East. From Australia, the Adelaide Advertiser was quoted as remarking that the generous terms of the Japanese treaty were partly the result of the lessons in peace-making learned by the west since Versailles. It added:

The main shape and purpose of the treaty are the product of six years of climatic change in the world balance of power. In the West, redress of military weakness is all that is needed to reach a general settlement with Russia. . . The reliance on Japan is fraught with risk, as the whole history of her former co-operation with the west bears witness. But can anyone say that there is a practical alternative?

From Italy, the independent Rome paper, Il Momento, was quoted as noting that the memories of the war seemed to have been more completely forgotten as far as the Japanese treaty was concerned, and expressing the hope that Italy's efforts to have the conditions of her peace treaty revised would be favourably received. From France, the Radical L'Aurore was quoted as saying that Japanese rearmament, accepted in London and Paris without any enthusiasm, would be necessary unless Stalin and Mao gave tangible proofs of their will for peace in Korea and elsewhere:

When Moscow and Pekin understand that western resolution for defence is unshakable and that it means, even for London and Paris, the inclusion of a rearmed Germany and Japan, we are convinced that peaceful co-existence between the two blocs will become possible.

Moscow broadcasts stressed that the treaty was 'an aggressive grouping in the Far East'. However, it would remain 'nothing but a paper treaty', since the peoples of Asia and of the world as a whole were opposed to this criminal document'. Moscow radio also gave great publicity to the exchange of greetings between Stalin and Mao Tsetung on the anniversary of the Japanese surrender. The Soviet people were told that, fortunately for mankind, the U.S.S.R. did not find herself alone in the struggle for peace, for 'shoulder to shoulder with us stands the great Chinese colossus': today Chinese-Soviet friendship represented a force such as the world had not hitherto seen. The Soviet home audience was also told that some five million people in Japan had signed a petition against the American draft treaty and in Lavour of a treaty which all the Powers, including China, could sign. Asian audiences, including the Koreans, were told by Moscow radio that the U.S. imperialists had proved to be 'a more nefarious enemy to all the peoples of Asia than the Japanese'.

Broadcasts from China were loud in their denunciation of the treaty, described as nothing but 'a preparation for a new war against the allies who fought against Japan'. Much publicity was also given, particularly in Pekin broadcasts in Japanese, to an open letter to the Japanese people by Kuo Mo-jo, a Chinese historian and president of the Chinese Union of Artists and Writers. He stated that the treaty was illegal, largely because China was not a party to it, and that its purpose was to revive Japanese militarism. The Japanese people were asked to consider whether, even with the United States on their side, they would be able to defeat the combined power of 'the peoples of China, the Soviet Union and Asia'. And Kuo added that if the reactionaries were allowed to create a second imperial Japan, its fate would inevitably be 'a collapse more dreadful than that of Hitler's

Third Reich'.

## Did You Hear That?

#### A JAPANESE 'SUPER-PRODUCTION'

SPEAKING OF 'THE TALE OF GENJI', the first production of which was recently given in Tokyo, John Morris said in a Third Programme talk that 'the original book, on which the play is based, written by Murasaki Shikibu in the eleventh century, is one of the earliest novels ever written. In its original form it is difficult to read, and even most Japanese nowadays prefer to use the very good contemporary edition in which the archaic language has been modernised. But the world-wide fame of this extraordinary book is certainly due

to the wonderful translation made of it by one of our own scholars, Dr. Arthur Waley. In his translation it runs to nearly 1,200 pages of smallish type so you can understand my unwillingness to try to outline the action! But even in the Kabuki (traditional) version no attempt has been made to dramatise the whole story. In fact, the tale itself is not very dramatic and it depends for its effect upon the wonderful picture it gives of court life in ancient Japan. It is mostly a book of atmosphere; of love-making and petty court intrigue being carried on against a background of luxury and a sort of sad and hopeless decadence.

Although the play takes nearly four hours to perform it differs from the usual type of Kabuki play in containing comparatively little spoken dialogue; nearly three-quarters of it is mimed and danced to a musical accompaniment. It is in this musical accompaniment that the main innovation has been made in the present production in Tokyo, and it has caused a great deal of controversy in Japanese intellectual circles.

Among the various musical modes known to the Japanese there is one known as gagaku, the ancient court music which originated in China, although it now exists, I believe, only in Japan. It differs from other types of Japanese music in that it makes use of the pentatonic scale; also it is harmonic, and is thus the only type of Japanese music capable of development. In its pure form it has a great deal in common with our own contemporary atonal music,

and at least one example of it has been played in most parts of the world, but for some unknown reason not, I think, in England.

'It is owing to the great popularity of western symphonic and chamber music in Japan and in order to try to bring the younger generations into the theatre and thus keep the Kabuki alive, that the producers of 'Genji' have made so much use not only of gagaku music, but also of folksong. A further concession to modern taste has been made in the addition to the orchestra of a violin and flute, although the melody, as in the traditional gagaku orchestra, is still played on a koto or Japanese

The banging together of two blocks of wood marks the start of the play and serves the same purpose as the three knocks on the stage before the rise of the curtain in a French theatre. After a very short musical prelude the curtain is drawn back to disclose a small room in the imperial palace in which Kiritsubo lies dying, while the Emperor

addresses her.

When the play opens Genji himself is only eleven years old, but after the first few scenes there is a lapse in time and we find him now a youth in one of the summer houses in the palace grounds with a young girl with whom he has gone ostensibly to enjoy the glory of the rising moon, still, by the way, a favourite Japanese pastime. But—and here I quote from the programme note—'Genji and his young friend gradually reveal their names to each other and begin to whisper the language of intimacy'. Suddenly a storm gets up and the summer house

begins to tremble. The lights are blown out and the mocking voice of a woman is heard. It is the ghost of Miyasudokoro, one of Genji's former lovers. The ghostly song is sung not, however, in accordance with Kabuki tradition, by a man, but by a woman, although she does not actually appear on the stage.

'As the play progresses we find that the Emperor has remarried and that his wife has borne him a son. This was a part of the story which before the war made public presentation of the play 'The Tale of Genji' out of the question, for the fact is the father of the newly-

born prince is not the Mikado, but his son Genji, and although this all happened as long ago as the eleventh century—if indeed it is not very largely a fiction—the suggestion of incestuous behaviour in court circles could not be tolerated at a time when exaggerated importance was placed upon the complete purity of the imperial house.

'The appeal of the Kabuki is largely visual and this particular production in Tokyo, which cost some £40,000, is the most magnificent I have ever seen. The silk brocades for the various costumes were all specially hand-woven in Kyoto and are authentic copies of the dresses of the period. One or two of them cost more than £1,000 each and, with the under-kimonos which have to be worn with them, were so heavy that I could hardly lift them. One cannot help wondering how it has been possible to stage a production of this magnificence in the present impoverished state of Japan.

Let us turn now to the end of the play. The Emperor is already dead and his widow, Fujitsubo, has cut off her hair in order to enter a Buddhist nunnery. She bids farewell to Genji and makes her exit slowly across the stage and out along the "flower bridge". Genji, who is still passionately in love with his step-mother, is about to follow her when the little prince, their son, beckons to him. He realises that he cannot go with Fujitsubo; his duty lies with his child. The curtain is pulled across while Fujitsubo is still making her way slowly down the bridge. This intensely moving end, per-

still making her way slowly down the bridge. This intensely moving end, performed without speech, is typical of the Kabuki technique which depends for its supreme moments not upon language but on a tableau'.



Japanese players, wearing copies of eleventh-century costumes, in the parts of the Emperor and Kiritsubo in the Tokyo production of 'The Tale of Genji'

#### MARKING A MOTH

Migratory moths were discussed at the International Entomological Conference which has been meeting in Amsterdam. The methods by which their migration is being studied were described in 'The Eyewitness' by ERIC HARDY.

'Naturalists won't sit up all night with nets waiting for these insects', he said. 'There are more modern and successful ways of finding which moths visit your garden or migrate through the countryside while you sleep. Upwards of 100 specially designed mercury-vapour lamp moth-traps are being used this autumn in different parts of the country. In some cases, the moths may be marked or stained with identity colours before they are released to continue their journey. There is a mercury-vapour trap operating on the edge of Chester, for instance, others in two of our best moth haunts on the Lancashire sandhills at Formby and on the Sussex coast at Hastings, and one at Bradwell in Essex, although not all are marking their moths.

'You wonder what these things look like, or how on earth anyone can mark a moth so that it may be recognised again. These traps are forty times as effective as an ordinary lamp. You set them from dusk till dawn, and they capture about 75 per cent. of the moths in your

garden, putting them harmlessly to sleep with an anesthetic, all ready for your examination next morning. Each trap has an 80 or 125 watt mercury-vapour lamp and a special cone-shaped entrance which is seen from all directions like a little lighthouse. It is not always possible to leave all night such a bright light, which might attract inquisitive visitors; in that case, invisible rays may be used, because moths see much shorter wave-lengths than we do. Fitted with a black glass the trap emits only the shorter, ultra-violet wave-lengths invisible to man, but still attracting 35 per cent. of the moths.

'Large hawk moths which buzz over from the Continent in August are marked like queen bees, with a numbered paper disc-spot gummed on the back. Small moths like silver Ys-so-called because of the silvery y on their wings—are sometimes trapped in hundreds and may be sprayed with a stain which acts as a colour coat for your area. But it is no use marking moths in your garden if you have not registered your colours with the Insect Immigration Committee. They have to trace the moths and avoid confusion with continental marks. These traps, by the way, also attract dragonflies, and in one case, a painted lady butterfly was caught about midnight. Even if the moths are not marked, they are not wantonly destroyed but liberated the following night'.

#### RECONSTRUCTION IN JAMAICA

The Financial Secretary to the Government of Jamaica, MR. ROBERT NEWTON, recently arrived in the United Kingdom to discuss with the

authorities over here questions of relief and reconstruction in Jamaica, and spoke in the Home Service about the problems involved.

'The rainy season in Jamaica', he said, 'is now approaching. In October the rain comes down in torrents, so we are tackling the question of temporary shelter as our most urgent problem. When I left the island a few days ago, noone could tell with any certainty just how many people were made homeless in that night of destruction-Friday, August 17. But there must be tens of thousands, judging from the air reconnaissance I made with the Governor, Sir Hugh Foot, two days afterwards. 'The town of Morant

Bay was a shambles, villages and hamlets on the south side of the island were blown flat, damage in Kingston was serious and widespread. The houses of Port Royal were almost entirely destroyed. The immediate need is for tents and for building materials to enable people to repair and even rebuild their homes for themselves. Next to shelter comes food. Jamaica has to import a good deal of her food supplies, and fortunately stocks in hand were reasonably good. But, of course, calls on these stocks have been very much increased, and we have already taken action to import as soon as possible more corn meal,

rice, and salted codfish.

For some time now the Jamaican Government has been encouraging smallholdings in the growing of domestic supplies of fruit, vegetables and cereals. But many of these food crops are grown on trees-things like bread-fruit and mangoes. The destruction of these trees has been appalling and this has meant great hardship for the smallholders. But perhaps the most serious blow to the general economy of the island is the complete destruction of the banana trees. Banana exports bring in about £3,000,000 a year—the largest item next to sugar.

'Most of the banana trees just collapsed in the hurricane. We managed to salvage some of the bananas from the stricken trees, but now there will be no more bananas for export until about the middle of next year. As for coconuts, it may take up to five years before this important industry can be put on its feet again. It was just recovering from the hurricane of 1944, and it was supplying raw materials for the local

manufacture of margarine and soap.

The only bright part of the picture is that the sugar industry appears to have suffered next to no damage: this is because the canes stand up well to high winds. Relief on a large scale has been given, but the Jamaican Government's policy is that, as far as possible, reconstruction should take the form of productive development. Already £40,000 has been advanced by the Government of Jamaica for the buying of seeds for free distribution among farmers and smallholders. The banana industry has its own insurance and reserve funds, but these will be supplemented by government assistance of up to £500,000 to restore and, indeed, to expand the industry'.

#### FILMING 'THE GOOD SAMARITAN'

JAMES OTIGBAH is a Nigerian who has been concerned with several films made in Africa, and who is now in London learning more about the production side of documentaries under a Unesco fellowship. He spoke in 'Radio Newsreel' about a film based on the story of the Good Samaritan which he produced in the Gold Coast village of Annum, Accra.

Immediately we arrived at Annum I got in touch with the schoolmaster and asked him to introduce me to the local African chief', he said. 'The news of our coming had spread from house to house, but information was still hush-hush, for the Chief had not informed

the village in the traditional manner. Next evening we were ushered before him. Although he spoke perfect English we had to speak in the local language according to custom through his interpreter. The Chief was very enthusiastic about our project, and called on the fetish priest to pour libation and so ask the aid of the gods. The priest held up a glass of gin, invoked the spirits of the dead and the gods of the land, then poured a few drops of gin on a small mound in the courtyard. The mound, I learned, was the soul and emblem of the village. These ceremonies over, the gong man tapped out messages explaining how we had come.



Banana trees destroyed by last month's hurricane in Jamaica: the devastation on the plantations is so great that the island will be unable to export any more bananas for nearly a year

Soon I found all the villagers wanted to be actors. I selected three of them for the main

parts-the Good Samaritan, the Down-and-Out Man, and the Stonehearted Chief. Only these three were to be compensated for their loss of time by an allowance of 5s. a day. The rest of the cast willingly

agreed to give their services free.

On the first day of filming, the whole village turned out. The market was deserted; even many farmers round about took a holiday. The place was just a sea of heads. Filming was impossible in these conditions: my cameraman was almost swept off his feet. So I decided to make a sham film scene, as I was fairly sure that the villagers, like all other onlookers at any film location, would soon get bored and move away. The plan worked. Gradually, as their curiosity was satisfied, the villagers started to trickle back to their everyday work.

'I was surprised to see how quickly the actors learned their parts; for none of them had ever been to a cinema. All I had to say was: "Look sad", or "Look spiteful", and they got the right mood. And sometimes, to illustrate the right action, I would explain in terms of a parable all Africans know: the parable of the tortoise, for example. I would say, "Act like the tortoise when avoiding danger". The actor would understand immediately, he would step very softly and very cautiously, just like the tortoise which thinks that the earth is so tender that it must not be hurt'.

## Vergil and the Christian World

By T. S. ELIOT, O.M.

VERYONE knows of the importance of Vergil for St. Augustine, and of the status conceded to him in the Christian tradition, culminating in his elevation by the greatest of all Christian poets to the position of guide through the first two stages of the Divine Comedy. Everyone knows that Vergil became, in the Middle Ages, an almost mythical figure, first as a prophet of the Incarnation, and then as a fabulous magician whose poem could be employed for purposes of divination. To elaborate on such matters would be the task of a scholar and historian, and that is the first reason for my avoiding this course: I should not be able to tell you anything that you did not already know. I do not propose to discuss the history of Vergilian studies, the story of his adoption by Christian writers, or his influences upon the Fathers of the Church, or his reputation during the Middle Ages. There is, however, another reason.

#### Reasons for Esteem

The esteem in which Vergil has been held throughout Christian history may easily be made to appear, in a historical account of it, largely due to accidents, to irrelevances, to misunderstandings and superstitions. Such an account can tell you why Vergil's poems were prized so highly; but it may not give you any reason to infer that he deserved so high a place; still less might it persuade you that his work has any value for the world today or tomorrow or forever. What interests me to consider are those characteristics of Vergil which render him peculiarly sympathetic to the Christian mind. To assert this is not to accord him any exaggerated value as a poet, or even as a moralist, above that of all other poets Greek or Roman. Sympathy is only one

There is however one 'accident', or 'misunderstanding', which has played such a part in history that to ignore it would appear an evasion. This is of course the fourth Eclogue, in which Vergil, on the occasion of the birth or the expectation of a son to his friend Pollio, recently named consul, speaks in exaggerated language for what purports to be a mere letter of congratulation to the happy father.

Now is come the last age of the song of Cumae; the great line of the centuries begins anew. Now the Virgin returns, the reign of Saturn

He shall have the gift of divine life, shall see heroes mingled with gods, and shall himself be seen of them, and shall sway a world to which his father's virtues shall have brought peace.

The serpent shall perish, and the false poison plant shall perish;

Assyrian spice shall spring up on every soil. .

Such phrases have always seemed excessive, and the child who was the subject of them never cut any great figure in the world. It has even been suggested that Vergil was pulling his friend's leg by this oriental hyperbole. Some scholars have thought that he was imitating, or taking off, the style of the Sybilline oracles. Some have conjectured that the poem is covertly addressed to Octavian, or even that it concerns the offspring of Antony and Cleopatra. A French scholar, Carcopino, gives good reason to believe that the poem contains allusions to Pythagorean doctrine. The poem does not seem to have attracted any particular attention, from the point of view of its mystery, until the Christian Fathers got hold of it. The Virgin, the Golden Age, the Great Year; the parallel with the prophecies of Isaiah; the child cara deum suboles—'dear offspring of the gods, great scion of Jupiter'could only be the Christ himself, whose coming was foreseen by Vergil in the year 40 B.C. Lactantius and St. Augustine believed this, so did the entire medieval Church and Dante; and even perhaps in his own fashion Victor Hugo.

It is possible that still other explanations may be found, and we already know more about the probabilities than the Christian Fathers did. We also know that Vergil, who was a man of great learning in his time, and, as Mr. Jackson Knight has shown us, well informed in matters of folklore and antiquities, had at least indirect acquaintance with the religious and with the figurative language of the East. That would be sufficient in itself to account for any suggestion of Hebrew prophecy. Whether we consider the prediction of the Incarnation merely a coincidence will depend on what we mean by coincidence; whether we consider Vergil a Christian prophet will depend upon our interpretation of the word 'prophecy'. That Vergil himself was consciously concerned only with domestic affairs or with Roman politics I feel sure: I think that he would have been very much astonished by the career which his fourth Eclogue was to have. If a prophet were by definition a man who understood the full meaning of what he was saying, this would be for me the end of the matter. But if the word 'inspiration' is to have any meaning, it must mean just this, that the speaker or writer is uttering something which he does not wholly understand-or which he may even misinterpret when the inspiration has departed from him. This is certainly true of poetic inspiration: and there is still better reason for admiring Isaiah as a poet than for claiming Vergil as a prophet. A poet may believe that he is expressing only his private experience; his lines may be for him only a means of talking about himself without giving himself away; yet for his readers what he has written may come to be the expression both of their own secret feelings and of the exultation or despair of a generation.

We have a mental habit which makes it much easier for us to explain the miraculous in natural terms than to explain the natural in miraculous terms: yet the latter is as necessary as the former. A miracle which everybody accepted and believed in with no difficulty would be a strange miracle indeed; because what was miraculous for everybody would also seem natural to everybody. It seems to me that one can accept whatever explanation of the fourth Eclogue, by a scholar and historian, is the most plausible; because the scholars and historians can only be concerned with what Vergil thought he was doing. But, at the same time, if there is such a thing as inspiration—and we do go on using the word—then it is something which escapes historical research.

I have had to speak about the fourth Eclogue, because it is so important in beginning the history of Vergil's place in the Christian tradition that to avoid mention of it might lead to misunderstanding. And it is hardly possible to speak of it without indicating in what way one accepts, or rejects, the view that it prophesies the coming of Christ. I wanted only to make clear that the literal acceptance of this Eclogue as prophecy had much to do with the early admission of Vergil as suitable reading for Christians, and therefore opened the way for his influence in the Christian world. I do not regard this as simply an accident, or a mere curiosity of literature. But what really concerns me is the element in Vergil which gives him a significant, a unique place, at the end of the pre-Christian and at the beginning of the Christian world. He looks both ways, he makes a peculiar liaison between the old world and the new, and of this peculiar station we may take the fourth Ecloque as a symbol. In what respects, therefore, does the greatest of Roman poets anticipate the Christian world in a way in which the Greek poets do not? This question has been best answered by the late Theodor Haecker, in a little book on Vergil, which was published some years ago in an English translation under the title of Vergil the Father of the West. I shall make use of Haecker's

#### 'Easier' than Homer

Here I shall make a slight and perhaps trivial diversion. When I was a schoolboy, it was my lot to be introduced to the *Iliad* and to the *Aeneid* in the same year. I had, up to that point, found the Greek language a much more exciting study than Latin. I still think it a much greater language: a language which has never been surpassed, and perhaps not equalled, as a vehicle for the fullest range and the finest shades of thought and feeling. Yet I found myself at ease with Vergil as I was not at ease with Homer. It might have been rather different if we had started with the Odyssey instead of the Iliad; for when we came to read certain selected books of the Odyssey-and I have never read more of the Odyssey in Greek than those selected books-I was much happier. My preference certainly did not, I am glad to say, mean that I thought Vergil the greater poet. That is the kind of error from which we are preserved in youth, simply because we are too natural

to ask such an artificial question—artificial because, in whatever ways Vergil followed the procedure of Homer, he was not trying to do the same thing. One might just as reasonably try to rate the comparative 'greatness' of the Odyssey and James Joyce's Ulysses, simply because Joyce for quite different purposes used the framework of the Odyssey. The obstacle to my enjoyment of the Iliad, at that age, was the behaviour of the people Homer wrote about. The gods were as irresponsible, as much a prey to their passions, as devoid of public spirit and the sense of fair play, as the heroes. This was shocking. Furthermore, their sense of humour extended only to the crudest form of horseplay. Achilles was a ruffian; the only hero who could be commended for either conduct or judgment was Hector; and it seemed to me that this was Shakespeare's view also:

If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king, As it is known she is, these moral laws Of nature and of nations speak aloud To have her back returned . . .

All this may seem to have been simply the caprice of a priggish little boy. I have modified my early opinions—the explanation I should now give is simply that I instinctively preferred the world of Vergil to the world of Homer—because it was a more civilised world of dignity, reason and order. When I say 'the world of Vergil', I mean what Vergil himself made of the world in which he lived. The Rome of the imperial era was coarse and beastly enough; in important respects far less civilised than Athens at its greatest. The Romans were less gifted than the Athenians for the arts, philosophy and pure science; and their language was more obdurate to the expression of either poetry or abstract thought. Vergil made of Roman civilisation in his poetry something better than it really was. His sensibility is more nearly Christian than that of any other Roman or Greek poet: not like that of an early Christian perhaps, but like that of Christianity from the time at which we can say that a Christian civilisation had come into being. We cannot compare Homer and Vergil; but we can compare the civilisation which Homer accepted—I do not mean the civilisation of the time of the Trojan wars, but that of the time at which the Homeric poems were put into shape—with the civilisation of Rome as refined by the sensibility of Vergil.

#### Key Words

What, then, are the chief characteristics of Vergil which make him sympathetic to the Christian mind? I think that the most promising way of giving some indication briefly, is to follow the procedure of Haecker and try to develop the significance of certain key words. Such words are labor, pietas, and fatum. The Georgics are, I think, essential to an understanding of Vergil's philosophy—using the word with the distinction that we do not mean quite the same thing when we speak of the philosophy of a poet, and when we speak of the philosophy of an abstract thinker. The Georgics, as a technical treatise on farming, are both difficult and dull. Most of us have neither the command of Latin necessary to read them with pleasure, nor any desire to remind ourselves of schooltime agonies. I shall only recommend them in the translation of Mr. Day Lewis who has put them into modern verse. But they are a work to which their author devoted time, toil and genius. Why did he write them? It is not to be supposed that he was endeavouring to teach their business to the farmers of his native soil; or that he aimed simply to provide a useful handbook for townsmen eager to buy land and launch out as farmers. Nor is it likely that he was merely anxious to compile records, for the curiosity of later generations, of the methods of agriculture in his time. It is more likely that he hoped to remind absentee landowners, careless of their responsibilities and drawn by love of pleasure or love of politics to the metropolis, of the fundamental duty of any people to cherish the land. Whatever his conscious motive, it seems clear to me that Vergil desired to affirm the dignity of agricultural labour, and the importance of good cultivation of the soil for the well-being of the state both materially and spiritually.

The fact that every major poetic form employed by Vergil has some precedent in Greek verse, must not be allowed to obscure the originality with which he recreated every form he used. There is I think no precedent for the spirit of the Georgics; and the attitude towards the soil, and the labour of the soil, which is there expressed, is something that we ought to find particularly intelligible now, when urban agglomeration, the flight from the land, the pillage of the earth and the squandering of natural resources are beginning to attract attention. It was the Greeks who taught us the dignity of leisure; it is from them that we inherit the perception that the highest life is the life of contemplation. But

this respect for leisure, with the Greeks, was accompanied by a contempt for the banausic occupations. Vergil perceived that agriculture is fundamental to civilisation, and he affirmed the dignity of manual labour. When the Christian monastic orders came into being, the contemplative life and the life of manual labour were first conjoined. These were no longer occupations for different classes of people, the one noble, the other inferior and suitable only for slaves or almost slaves. There was a great deal in the medieval world which was not Christian; and practice in the lay world was very different from that of the religious orders at their best: but at least Christianity did establish the principle that action and contemplation, labour and prayer, are both essential to the life of the complete man. It is possible that the insight of Vergil was recognised, by monks who read his works in their religious houses.

Furthermore, we need to keep this affirmation of the Georgics in mind when we read the Aeneid. There, Vergil is concerned with the imperium romanum, with the extension and justification of imperial rule. He set an ideal for Rome, and for empire in general, which was never realised in history; but the ideal of empire as Vergil sees it is a noble one. His devotion to Rome was founded on devotion to the land; to the particular region, the particular village, and to the family in the village. To the reader of history this foundation of the general on the particular may seem chimerical; just as the union of the contemplative and the active life may seem to most people chimerical. For mostly these aims are envisaged as alternatives: we exalt the contemplative life, and disparage the active, or we exalt the active, and regard the contemplative with amused contempt if not with moral disapproval. And yet it is the man who affirms the apparently incompatible who may be right.

#### Meaning of Piety

We use it in two senses: in general, it suggests devout church-going, or at least church-going with the appearance of devoutness. In another sense, it is always preceded by the adjective 'filial', meaning correct behaviour toward a parent. When Vergil speaks, as he does, of pius Aeneas, we are apt to think of his care of his father, of his devotion to his father's memory, and of his touching encounter with his father on his descent into the nether regions. But the word pietas with Vergil has much wider associations of meaning: it implies an attitude towards the individual, towards the family, towards the region, and towards the imperial destiny of Rome. And finally Aeneas is 'pious' also in his respect towards the gods, and in his punctilious observance of rites and offerings. It is an attitude towards all these things, and therefore implies a unity and an order among them: it is in fact an attitude towards life.

Aeneas is therefore not simply a man endowed with a number of virtues, each of which is a kind of piety-so that to call him pius in general is merely to use a convenient collective term. Piety is one. These are aspects of piety in different contexts, and they all imply each other. In his devotion to his father he is not being just an admirable son. There is personal affection, without which filial piety would be imperfect; but personal affection is not piety. There is also devotion to his father as his father, as his progenitor: this is piety as the acceptance of a bond which one has not chosen. The quality of affection is altered, and its importance deepened, when it becomes love due to the object. But this filial piety is also the recognition of a further bond, that with the gods, to whom such an attitude is pleasing: to fail in it would be to be guilty of impiety also towards the gods. The gods must therefore be gods worthy of this respect; and without gods, or a god, regarded in this way, filial piety must perish. For then it becomes no longer a duty: your feeling towards your father will be due merely to the fortunate accident of congeniality, or will be reduced to a sentiment of gratitude for care and consideration. Aeneas is pious towards the gods, and in no way does his piety appear more clearly than when the gods afflict him. He had a good deal to put up with from Juno; and even his mother Venus, as the benevolent instrument of his destiny, put him into one very awkward position. There is in Aeneas a virtue an essential ingredient in his piety-which is an analogue and foreshadow of Christian humility. Aeneas is the antithesis, in important respects, of either Achilles or Odysseus. In so far as he is heroic, he is heroic as the original Displaced Person, the fugitive from a ruined city and an obliterated society, of which the few other survivors except his own band languish as slaves of the Greeks. He was not to have. like Ulysses, marvellous and exciting adventures with such occasional (continued on page 423)

## The Dilemma Which Faces African Art

WILLIAM FAGG on tribal carving in Nigeria

HE study of tribal art has fallen sadly between two stools. On the one hand, the artists, who have admired it for nearly half a century, usually insist that any knowledge of the circumstances in which tribal sculptures are produced is entirely irrelevant to their appreciation. On the other hand, ethnologists, though they began to see merit in them at a much earlier date and collected them with discrimination, did not fully appreciate the light which they could throw on tribal life. In the early days of social anthropology the emphasis was on analysis, on classifying ethnographical facts about each tribe under a number of well established headings such as birth, marriage and death customs, initiation, religion, industry, warfare; art did not qualify for a place. After the first world war the pendulum swung with a vengeance: the old ethnology was replaced by the theory that societies should be studied as dynamic, functioning entities; study of the different parts or aspects of a culture was regarded as of little value except in relation to the functioning of the organism.

This again was an unpromising climate for the study of art, which, being an activity of the spirit, does not lend itself to deterministic treatment. But now that 'functionalism' has been largely assimilated in the main stream of anthropological development, there are signs of the growth of a dual approach. Tribal art may one day be studied both for its own sake and for its place in culture and society, each approach constantly complementing and cross-fertilising the other. In the meantime, we must regretfully note that an enormous amount of cant has



House-post, carved by Areogun, c. 1934, in the house of the deputy chieftain of the village of Ekan: height about three feet six inches



Mask for the Epa dance, carved by Bamgboye of Odo-Owa, c. 1934: height about four feet. In this dance, those taking part have to leap on to a three-foot mound without allowing the mask to fall

been written about 'primitive art' in the past forty years, and that most writers have given us far more insight, by implication, into themselves than into the subject.

If we wish to pass through the veil which stands between our attitudes to life and art and those of the tribal peoples, we must first consider how our own artistic preconceptions arose. The whole fabric of our modern civilisation stems from the revolution of ideas which took place in the Aegean during the middle centuries of the first millennium B.C., in the time of the Seven Sages, when science was born on the Ionian coast of Asia Minor, and when man became, or thought he became, self-sufficient. Philosophical systems were brought into being whose purpose was to explain the whole universe in rational terms; where nothing remained inexplicable there was no need of symbolism. Art gradually felt the effects of these great changes: not only was its philosophical basis transformed, but its methods and techniques were affected even more directly by the development of geometry and the possibility of accurate measurement. It became possible, and therefore it seemed desirable, to reproduce the human form, or any other subject, accurately in stone. This revolution, like most others, was by no means free from iconoclasm: the incomparably stylised Archaic figures were cast down and broken up as rubble for the foundations of the new Acropolis. Later, the pragmatic Romans made the art of the straight line their own and carried it to every part of the known world, from Watling

Street to Meroë. The Renaissance, the Industrial Revolution and the scientific and technological achievements of our own day are logical developments; so is the tendency of European art, challenged only in the Middle Ages and to some extent in the twentieth century, to keep close to the single norm of naturalism instead of developing in countless different directions.

What I have been saying may seem to be a digression, but it is really an attempt to define what social anthropologists would call our 'observational bias'. In talking about tribal art I am going to confine myself for the sake of simplicity to Africa, although I believe that much the same things could be said about the tribal areas of Asia, Oceania, America and Europe. African sculpture is almost entirely confined to the vast area of the Niger and Congo basins, for reasons which are far from clear. The Niger basin is inhabited mainly by Sudanese Negroes, the Congo by the Bantu, who are Negroes with a greater admixture of Hamitic and other strains. Both great divisions are thought to have reached their present habitat thousands of years ago from centres somewhere near the upper Nile Valley, but little is known of these movements or of the ultimate origins of these peoples. The origins of African social and material culture, and more particularly of art, are equally obscure. We do not even know whether sculpture was introduced from the Near East via Egypt, or whether it was already flourishing in central Africa before the first Egyptian dynasties, for in Africa wood-carvings decay or are eaten by ants in a very few years.

#### Opposite Pole from Egyptian Art

This perishability of the artist's material has no doubt been one of the main conditioning factors in the growth of African art. The art of tropical Africa is at the opposite pole from Egyptian art. The indestructible stone colossi of Egypt served by their very existence to petrify the Egyptian style and to preserve its essentials through several millennia. In the tropics, the 'turnover' is very rapid: wooden figures may have to be replaced after anything from five to fifty years, very few ever reaching a full century of life. Since variations may be introduced at each replacement, the tempo of evolution may be very quick; a style might become quite unrecognisable in two to three centuries. The pace is stepped up still more with dance masks, which are usually of soft wood and subject to very hard wear; perhaps this accounts for the fact that masks are on the whole far more stylised than figures.

Apart from the masks used by the semi-secret societies all over West Africa in their dances for the promotion of the increase and well-being of the community, sculpture takes the form mainly of figures carved either in honour of the ancestors or as a means of bringing pressure to bear on spirits or on abstract forces. In some parts large doors, furniture and wooden utensils are also elaborately carved. In West Africa, too, there is a strong tradition of brass-casting, the earliest examples—from about the thirteenth century—being the magnificent brass heads of Ife, which are exceptional in being almost completely naturalistic. The earliest datable finds are the fine pottery figurines of Northern Nigeria, from the first millennium B.C., which demonstrate that stylisation is no new development.

Tribal art did not have the benefit as Europe did of the concentration of the whole artistic talent of a continent within the narrow mould of naturalism, but it did retain the great compensating advantage of freedom to develop in an infinity of different directions. So we find a far greater range of stylistic variation in African art than has obtained in Europe at any period; artistic discipline is exerted at the level of the tribe, the sub-tribe, or the village rather than at the continental level. But most important of all, the element of symbolism and mysticism has always maintained its place in tribal art, and has tended to condition sculptural forms. Art, like music, 'begins where words leave off': forms intended to convey symbolic meanings, and therefore by their nature 'poetic', are likely to be a more congenial and stimulating medium for the creative artist than the more prosaic forms of a purely realistic and descriptive artistic idiom. Therefore, I would argue, the tribal artist is in a sense at one with his medium, whereas the European artist of the Renaissance tradition is rather in opposition to his, seeking to transcend and transfigure it, as the greatest European masters have always done.

Moreover, this 'poetic' character is seen not only in tribal art, but in tribal life in general. Categories of thought tend to rely more on analogy and metaphor than on inductive reasoning. Straight lines seem to be instinctively avoided as inartistic if not sacrilegious; in the making of a path or the building of a house, straightness is not considered desirable in itself, but is sought only so far as is absolutely

necessary. Similarly, a craftsman making a complex and symmetrical decorative pattern will often introduce a deliberate imperfection, as though to avert the evil eye.

In a recent article on tribal sculpture\*, Henry Moore stated his opinion that the tribal artist never transcends the religious or magical basis of his work to the point of producing art for art's sake; but he went on to say that he thought no real or deeply moving art could ever be purely 'for art's sake'. He was thus equating tribal art with all the other great art traditions in which the artist responds to an inextricable complex of motives, which it is profitless and naive to label 'functional' in one case or 'purely aesthetic' in another. Tribal art is no simpler than any other, and its human—and therefore its aesthetic—values should be considered on no less high a plane. This is why I prefer to speak in terms of the tribal artist rather than of that vague abstraction, 'primitive art', which is too often thought of as a kind of impersonal pool of inspirational material for our modern artists.

The tribal artist is, in reality, a distinguishable and original personality, just as much as Cellini or Turner or Matisse, even though in most cases we know him only through his works. Eighteen months ago I was fortunate enough to be able to make an all-too-brief reconnaissance for the British Museum of some of the chief art-producing areas of Nigeria, as well as of Dahomey and the Belgian Congo. I was constantly surprised at the individuality of the work of different traditional carvers, and soon found that nearly all the books I had read on African art had greatly overstressed the part played by the force of tradition in conditioning the artist's actions. The impression had been created that the artist must conform so closely to certain fixed patterns handed down by his ancestors as to leave little or no scope for creative originality. It is quite true that tradition usually prescribes the general nature of the work and also certain details and conventions (such as the form of a mouth or the posture of an arm), by which we recognise the style as that of a particular tribe or district. But these traditional influences are in effect the framework within which the artist must work and create; he will certainly take account of them (for he must not get out of touch with his patrons), and if he is a poor artist he will be completely dominated by them, but I should doubt whether they are any more restrictive of genius than were the conventions of religious art in Renaissance Italy.

#### Where Traditional Carving Still Flourishes

One of the districts of Nigeria where traditional carving can still be said to flourish on a limited scale is in the north-eastern part of the Yoruba country, about the towns of Illa and Omu and Otun. I spent a week travelling round the area, visiting the houses of chiefs and other men of substance and photographing many fine sculptures in their possessions. They were all carved during the past half-century by such acknowledged masters as Ajiguna of Iloffa, Bamgboye of Odo-Owa, Areogun and his half-brother Osamuku of Osi, and Ayantola of Odo-Ehin. Although these villages are all close together, and each carver served the whole area, it is quite impossible to confuse the work of any one of them with that of any other (except perhaps in the case of Areogun and Osamuku, who worked together and sometimes carried out each other's contracts). After seeing a house post, or a door carved in relief, or a great mask with a superstructure of figures in the round by one of these men, I found that one could afterwards recognise instantaneously another work by the same hand. The mental processes by which one recognises them are essentially similar to those by which the European art expert identifies a Giorgione or a Rubens; he will probably form an intuitive judgment at first sight, before he makes a scientific analysis. So the slender grace of a Bamgboye sets it apart at once from the more massive but admirably co-ordinated volumes of an Areogun.

In that district also one may readily refute the common idea that there is little or no conscious and articulate aesthetic appreciation, as such, among Africans. The sculptors I have mentioned competed for patronage over a wide area; one minor chief at Illa commissioned Bamgboye, twenty miles away, to carve two large masks, and Areogun of Osi, thirty miles away, to make some small figures carved in memory of dead twins. Again, some owners of early works by Bamgboye apologised to me for their quality, as they were done 'before he became perfect'.

The career of Bamgboye aptly illustrates the dilemma which faces African art and those Europeans who are interested in encouraging it. He is now about sixty-five years old and respected as an *oluawo*, or priest of the tribal religion. In the surrounding villages may be found

many carvings done in his early days as a carver about forty-five years ago and throughout his prime up to about 1935. The best of them show a fine feeling and an unusually high degree of finish compared with the work of other carvers in the district. No doubt it was these qualities which led enlightened British educationists to recognise his skill by appointing him a teacher of woodcarving at the excellent Government School at Omu not far from his home, and also by obtaining many com-missions for him from Europeans. Seldom have good intentions been so frustrated: whether the necessity of passing on his technique to school pupils rather than through the traditional apprenticeship system brought on self-consciousness, or whether the change of patronage, from his own people to Europeans, was the only cause, the fact was that all feeling disappeared from his work, it became 'slick' and stereotyped and repetitive, and he ceased to carve the masks and house posts which had been his greatest achievements. I asked him why he was content nowadays to carve innumerable coffee tables and wooden paper knives, all of identical design, for the Europeans, and whether he did not regret the days when every work was a new creation. He answered, very simply, that the Europeans paid him and wished him to do it this way, so why should he wish to do otherwise? Certainly his recent work is not the true

African art, but something hybrid and utterly sterile. The tribal carver knows his patrons; they are members of his own community, and his sure and instinctive relationship with them has been built up during his whole working life, or perhaps by his father before him. He knows just how far he can go with them, and within these well-understood limits he is free to create. But divert him from serving his own people to serving the European birds of



Head with ram's horns, representing an ancestor of Chief Oludasa of Owo, c. 1900: height about seventeen inches

passage, and how is he to judge what will sell except by the criterion of what has already sold?

There is one more question that we may ask. Are we to class these tribal sculptures as fine art or as folk art? We Europeans, following in the excellent footsteps of Socrates and his fellow dialecticians, tend almost by second nature to pose our questions in some such analytical form as this. So we may well be taken aback when we come up against a philosophy of synthesis such as seems to me to underlie African life and art. Things which seem mutually exclusive in terms of our categories of thought are not necessarily so in terms of a quite different set of categories-which may be just as valid in their way as ours. For example, European writers on West African religion have often been at cross purposes with each other and with the facts through not realising that a deity of the Yoruba or the Ashanti may have both sexes, or neither; or that twosupposedly separate gods may be complementary aspects of a single being; such mystical conceptions may be seen. expressed with a superb directness, in some of their finest works of art.

To our question, then, about tribal sculptures only one answer can be given: that they are both fine art and folk art. The best of these carvings are masterpieces fit to rank with the fine arts of Europe and Asia; yet if you call unannounced at the home of one

of their carvers, you are as likely as not to be told that he is away at his farm and will not be back for three days. It is a synthesis that would have delighted Eric Gill. 'Both fine art and folk art' may, then, be a literally correct answer to the question as we so innocently framed it; but its real value is in superseding that imperfect question and clearing the way for more important ones, which may lead us to a deeper understanding of the nature of creative art.—Third Programme

## Growing Old in 'Coaltown'

By ROSEMARY CAREY

In the autumn of last year it was becoming obvious to everybody that the problem of getting enough manpower in the coal industry was going to prove one of the most difficult to solve. Those most intimately concerned were looking desperately for something which would keep miners in the industry, and attract recruits as well. Among the many proposals under discussion was one to introduce a special pension scheme in the industry, which would give retired miners something more than the ordinary old age pension. But the introduction of an industrial pensions scheme such as this may have widespread repercussions in a welfare state, and it therefore came about that I was asked by the Acton Society to undertake a study of this question.

I started by getting a general background to the problem by talking to as many people connected with the coal industry and with the running of our social services as I could. But I soon felt the need for a closer study of the problems and feelings of retired miners themselves; and I decided to try to carry out a more intensive study of the retired miners in one community which I will call Coaltown. I first saw the town on a wet, unfriendly November morning. The main street stretched for a mile along the valley, and the bus took me the full length of it.

We passed row after row of small pre-1914 terraced houses, and rather dark uninviting shop windows. The bus terminus was at the Miners' Hall—the biggest building in the town, and as I got out I could see the disused pit-heads and forbidding slag heaps around which this community of 4,000 people had grown up.

I was wearing a rather dirty raincoat, and I did not think anyone would notice me as I did a brief tour of the town. But at a discussion later in the day I found that everyone in the street had turned to look at me! I was told by the chairman of the local old age pensioners' association that all strangers were regarded with suspicion. These people had had experience of journalists who came looking for 'a good story' and published what seemed to the village a very misleading account. They also remembered bitter struggles in the past with 'investigators' who seemed to be only concerned with finding reasons to cut down their relief. Even without these past experiences, it is obvious that you cannot expect people to answer personal questions put by a stranger unless they can see a very good reason for it; and so I was glad when I had an opportunity to speak to a joint meeting of the men's and women's old age pensioners' association. There were about fifty of them there, the men sitting on one side of the gangway, the women

on the other, and I was given a place by the chairman. I told them what I was doing, and about the survey I would like to carry out, but that I would only start on the interviews if the meeting agreed. When I sat down there was a moment's silence. Then there came a stream of questions about who I was, where I came from, and what I was doing it for. Eventually they were satisfied that I did not come from any government department or from a newspaper, and when I gave an assurance that I would not pass on any information about individuals (which is why I am not using any names here), they said they would give me all the help they could. In particular they would pass on to other old people their judgment that I was 'all

#### A Seventy-year-old at Work

The next day I set out to see some of the old age pensioners. I had decided to visit one in five of all pensioners in the town and to give no notice that I was coming. So as I knocked at my first door I was a little anxious as to what my reception would be. But I need not have worried, as I was at once asked in for a cup of tea. I soon found that these houses were all built on much the same pattern. There were two or three bedrooms upstairs, no bathroom, an outside lavatory, a parlour which was not used very much (unless two families were sharing the house), and a kitchen, which formed the centre of the household. It was here that we sat down in front of the fire where an old miner of seventy-one was getting ready for the afternoon shift. He was one of the very few in the village who had had no unemployment (except for the strikes) since he entered the mines. He told me that he was carrying on as long as possible because once he left the pits there was no other way of supplementing his old age pension. It was the same with other old men I met. One was seventy-four but was still feeling annoyed because three years before he had been paid off from his job of looking after the pit ponies. He thought he could have gone on for many years, and felt it most unfair that he should have been deprived of his income.

But the great majority of the old people I visited had been un-employed for many years before the war, and when work was again available they were no longer fit to do it. Any savings these people may have had, had been used up long ago, and most of them were completely dependent on their old age pensions. If they lived alone with no other resources they also had national assistance grants which covered the rent, but very few had managed to find any other way of supplementing their pensions; and of those who did I particularly remember one couple. The small front garden was well cared for, and the door was opened by a tiny, bright-eyed old lady. She asked me in, explaining that her husband would be a few moments because he was just cutting a neighbour's hair! She told me she was sixty-nine years old, but in spite of that she still earned a little each week by doing cloakroom work at the local dances. When the neighbour left, putting a few coppers on the table, her husband joined us. He had a thin, humorous face, and he explained that he had been brought up in the country, where one of his jobs had been to cut all his brothers' hair. He had not had full-time work since he had been paid off from the pit twenty-four years before, but he had always found something to keep him occupied. What with growing vegetables, mending shoes, and cutting hair, he had become the odd-job man of the neighbourhood. All four of their children had had to leave home to look for work, but the old folk were looking forward eagerly to the holiday visits of their grandchildren. It seemed to me that all old age should be like this. Instead of feeling cut off from life, they still had a useful place in the community, and plenty to look forward to.

#### Neglected and Forgotten

Unfortunately this couple were the exception rather than the rule. Most of the old people I visited felt they had been neglected and forgotten by everyone. All remote people and authorities who might be to blame were summed up in that favourite term 'They'. I would be told 'They can find money for family allowances—we never had them'; or 'They can send soldiers to Korea'; or 'They give pensions to policemen, but when it comes to an increase in the old age pension they cannot find any money at all? One of the pensioners I visited was a cripple. He lived by himself and the shirt he was wearing was in ribbons. He said he had no overcoat, and he obviously found life very difficult. He summed his feelings up by saying 'We have to pay the same prices as those in work, but we cannot go on strike. They forget that it was we who fought for the conditions they have now, while we are thrown on the scrap-heap'

In some ways the pensioners' wives were in a better state of mind. At least there was plenty for them to do, patching and mending to make ends meet-one had made rag carpets to cover all the floors and the stairs. But some of the men, especially the bachelors and widowers, who lived in lodgings, often found time hanging heavily on their hands. They had little to do except visit the Miners' Hall where there was a room set aside for them. In the morning they would look at the newspapers, and in the evening listen to the news or have a game of cards. But if they wanted to smoke or have a pint of beer, this really had to come at the expense of food or clothing.

One couple I visited in the afternoon were just sitting down to their dinner. They explained that they had it late in order to economise by cutting out one meal. Nearly all felt this constant struggle to make ends meet, and most of them put their difficulties down to the conditions in the mining areas between the two wars which had forced their children away from home. One disappointed old collier seemed to be speaking for many others when he told me his story. He and his wife had not been able to save anything while they were bringing up their family of eight sons and two daughters. But in those days they had looked forward to easier times when their sons would be able to contribute—from the time they left school until they got married. Unfortunately, however, this period had coincided with the depression, and one son after another had been forced to leave home to look for

They were now left with one daughter at home, and in that district she could only earn just enough to keep herself. It was not that these old people blamed their children for not helping them. Far from it. They did not want to be dependent on anyone, and well understood their children's difficulties in bringing up their own families. But just as they did not want to be a burden on their children, so they disliked being dependent on national assistance grants. This was in spite of the fact that they all felt there had been great improvements. I was told what a difference it made to be able to collect the grants from the post office along with the pension, 'so that no one knew how much you were getting '.

To me this symbolised the contradictions and problems of old age: the struggle to be independent, while knowing all the time that one is dependent on others in so many ways.

#### Penalties of Isolation

It is often the people who live in small towns and villages who feel a greater sense of belonging to each other than those of us who live in the big industrial cities, and this is certainly true of the mining communities, bound together as they are by a common way of life and common misfortunes. But the new prosperity in the coal industry has tended to isolate the people who are too old to work. This is particularly the case when the old people are without their children who would normally have provided the link with working life. It was these children, now living in London or Luton or Birmingham, who, if they had been nearer, might have given them the little extras. Such things as the evening at the local, or the help with the washing, which no pension can provide but which make life easier and worth living. Even more important, the companionship of their children would have made them feel they were still valued and respected members of the community, even if they were too old to work.

I last saw Coaltown on a cold December morning. The first snow gave an alpine effect to the tip-heaps, and threw the dark houses into sharp relief. As I sat in the train back to London I thought of the cripple with no overcoat going out to do his shopping, and it seemed somehow unfair that for these people, who suffered the worst effects of the depression, the better conditions and the special pensions in the

coal industry have come too late.-Home Service

The current number of Adam International Review, edited by Miron Grindea (28, Emperor's Gate, London, S.W.7, price 2s. 6d.), is devoted to the work of Christopher Fry and contains an article by Mr. Fry on poetry and the theatre, as well as contributions from Peter Brook (on Anouilh and Fry), E. Martin Browne, Alec Clunes, and Georges-Albert Astre. This review, which is an Anglo-French literary monthly now in its nineteenth year of publication, has had a distinguished list of contributors, including Georges Duhamel, François Mauriac, Jules Supervielle, T. S. Eliot, Sir Desmond MacCarthy, and E. M. Forster; owing to the mounting costs of publishing it has lately launched an appeal for additional subscribers.

## The Theatre of Life

By R. H. WARD

HE little actor' (and not only the little one) 'cons another part,

Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
That life brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation'.

'Endless imitation'; some people become very reproachful if you suggest to them that we are all actors in our daily lives, and even in our most intimate relationships; that we rapidly and unconsciously pass from one role to another, adapting our performances in response to changing circumstances and to the men and women in whose company we find ourselves. 'Oh, no', they exclaim, in a shocked and injured way, 'that certainly isn't true. Why, I am always the same—simply myself, you know—wherever I am and whoever I am with'.

#### What do We Mean by 'I'?

But it seems to me that to speak of being 'myself' is generally a highly unrealistic thing to do. For what precisely is this 'self'? What precisely do we mean when we say 'I'? '"Ego", sayest thou, and art proud of that word'; but submit this 'ego' to even a superficial analysis, or, more simply, submit the 'man, proud man' who says it to some kind of shock, to some wholly new and disconcerting experience—the death of a person he depends on, a motor-smash, some unforeseen set of circumstances—and the pride involved in saying 'ego' will surely go before a fall. 'What has become of me?' we ask at such times; or perhaps 'I didn't know myself' is how we put it afterwards.

perhaps 'I didn't know myself' is how we put it afterwards.

The truth is that, while 'I' is a singular word, it should properly have a plural meaning. We are compounded of a number of 'I's'; and they are often in conflict. To think of ourselves as only one may appear to be convenient, but it is in fact a self-deception. 'As you know', remarked Gordon Craig in a recent broadcast talk\*, 'even men and women who are not actors act sometimes in their daily life'. The ironic humour lies in the use of the word 'sometimes' What is more, the same speaker pointed out a little later that the actor's is 'a trade that sets out to deceive'. 'But it simply isn't true', people will say again, 'I never set out to deceive anybody; I'm always perfectly open and-well, natural, you know'. But as to being natural, is not this merely human, all too human? The difficulty arises when civilised thinking, feeling, and behaviour demand that life should be regarded as an art; since for art nature is no more than the raw material. The claim to be 'natural' sounds very forthright and decent and homely, but is it really a very worthy claim? The reproachful person is right enough, so long as we do not ask whether for civilised people consciousness is not a value in itself. If it is, then the refusal to accept the suggestion that we are always acting has to be seen, in the light of consciousness, as an unconscious self-deception; and a little self-watching, though by no means easy, is very revealing.

Watch yourself, for instance, meeting someone for the first time, especially someone to whom you wish to be acceptable; watch the metaphorical sniffing, tail-wagging, advancing and retreating, even yapping and growling, which this encounter immediately causes. 'What sort of person is this', one is unconsciously asking, 'and what sort of person ought I to be in order to get on terms with him? Which of the roles in my repertory had I better assume?' You can almost hear the throwing of levers, the clicking of cog-wheels, the making of contacts involved in the mechanical operation of our so-called 'personalities' at such a moment. The stranger we have met has put the necessary coin in the slot, and at once we start to play the appropriate record, to play-act the appropriate role. We do this not only with our minds, taking our cues, calling up the lines and set speeches which the circumstances demand, but, like any other actor, with our bodies as well; for here come the gestures, which belong to the words, which belong to the role, which belongs to the situation. Not quite like any other actor, however; rather like any other second-rate actor. For the performance we give is a reach-me-down, a machine-made affair. It deceives no one; no one, that is, who does not want to be deceived because he is playing the same game. It is what Stanislavsky used to call a 'rubber-stamp' performance, an imitation; for such performances are just as applicable to life as they are to the stage.

Or, perhaps, you are the kind of person who keeps a journal. Turn the pages of this journal, and see how many different people have written it up during the past week. Each entry is the thought, the feeling, the reaction to circumstance of a different man; and these different men even use different handwritings and different styles of expression. Yet I had imagined that this was my journal, that there was, as it were, a single 'ego' presiding over it. Or, perhaps, you have a decision to make. You 'decide' that you will go to the Robinsons' for the weekend. Yet only a few minutes later you 'decide' that you will not go. And next morning when you wake up you 'decide' that you will go, after all. In the end 'you' probably decide nothing. You 'let circumstances decide', as we say. There are so many 'you's', each with a different opinion, a different reason, a different desire; and there is no chairman in charge of their debate. Anything that is in a real sense a decision is impossible. Each of these different selves holds the stage for a time, but whoever or whatever wrote the ironic comedy of your life takes each one off the stage in turn, and gives another a scene to play and a temporary ascendancy. As Chesterfield remarked, 'every man is more the man of the day'—he might have said of the hour, of the moment—'every man is more the man of the day than a regular and consequential character'.

But is not all this likening of human beings to animals and machines a wilful degradation of those creatures, of whom one of their number also said, 'What a piece of work is man!' and likened him to an angel and a god? It would be, certainly, if all that could be claimed for man were that he practises 'endless imitation', gives only 'rubber-stamp' performances, and fails to be 'a regular and consequential character'; though to liken him to an angel and a god is perhaps to go a little far in the other direction.

It is unfortunately true that we know very little of the real nature of man; psychology, for instance, is an infant science—and it has not been altogether happy in its godparents. 'We know what we are, but know not what we may be'. It is only in a superficial sense that we know what we are. If we really knew what we are, we might know something of what we may be, since our potentialities (if we have any) must be inherent in what we are already. We do not know what it might mean to 'know ourselves' to be able to say 'Ego', and to be justly proud of that word, because it stood for some one, real thing and not a series of contradictory fictions. Nevertheless, there are perhaps moments when we begin to know ourselves, if only in the negative sense of knowing what we are not. The disconcerting discovery that I am nothing, for instance, is at least a step towards the discovery that I might be something. There are those moments of astonished shock, of which we spoke just now.

#### The Empty Self

At such times, stripped of all my pretences, with no ready-made role to play—since the circumstances are so new and sudden that I have had no time even to improvise one, let alone study one—it does seem that I live, if only for a few moments, in a new and different state of consciousness, and sense the possibility of a new self-awareness. All the familiar things look unreal; in the instant before the car crashes, the street in which the accident is happening has in some extraordinary way the look of a painted backcloth; I have got behind the scenes in the theatre of life, and what seemed so real is only a sham. Overwhelmed by my grief for someone I loved who has died—'beside myself' with grief, as we say—suddenly I am able, from this new point of vantage beside myself, to see myself: a helpless and meaningless puppet suspended, lifeless, on its strings, with no familiar mechanism to take control. No, there is no 'I' there; the house of the soul is empty; there is only a suffering body aware of its own nothingness.

Perhaps, all the same, such terrible moments are of great value and significance. They are unforgettable; they are conscious moments. And perhaps consciousness of this kind, even when it is only the negative consciousness of one's own nothingness, may lead further. Once see by contrast the falsity and meaninglessness of the bad habit—for that is what it is—of giving 'rubber-stamp' performances in familiar circumstances, and some forgotten artist in us may perhaps want to take charge, may begin to submit to new disciplines, may begin actually to create something; for every actor is potentially an artist, however much bad training may have spoilt him. It may be that the something which the actor begins at last to create is an 'I', an 'Ego' which can be said with a just pride.

I suggest that the experience of Stanislavsky in the actual theatre has an analogy in the theatre of life. When he realised that most acting is false, perfunctory, mechanical, superficial, a 'rubber-stamp' which could deceive no intelligent spectator into the belief that the character portrayed was a real being, Stanislavsky set about discovering within the badly trained actor an artist who could become a real actor; an actor who believed in the part he was playing, and could play it, not by habit, but by will, not 'unconsciously', but with deliberate and self-critical artistry. If it is true that life can be, and should be, a conscious art, as opposed to an unconscious and fate-ridden mechanical process of 'letting nature take its course.'; and if nature, as the raw material of a life, is capable of being transformed into art, and so transcended, then perhaps 'the Stanislavsky method', applied to our

lives, is a way of making the drama we play in a convincing reality. It is not a question of ceasing to play different roles; it is a question of playing them in a new way, under the control of a directing 'ego'. 'He who can show himself in the world in any shape he may choose is greater than all of us'. These words come from Schnitzler's play, 'The Green Cockatoo'. But to be able to choose in what shape you will show yourself in the world at a given moment, this requires much study, and perhaps much hardship; it requires a discipline of vital experience. New training must make of the actor a new man; and perhaps he needs a Stanislavsky to help him. Most of us, it may be, will never learn. It is too easy to turn away from vital experience. And it is hard, indeed, to do what John Donne advocates:

'... up into the watch-tower get, And see all things despoyl'd of fallacies'.

I sometimes think the myth of Proteus has a meaning in connection with the suggestion that it might be possible for a man to 'show himself in the world in any shape he may choose'. It will be remembered that Proteus, who had the gift of prophecy, would assume a great variety of different shapes in order to escape the questions of those who consulted him. Proteus was, in fact, a very accomplished actor; was capable, one might say, of being all things to all men. But if, at last, he was caught and had to 'come clean', then he revealed himself. He had a self to reveal; it could say 'I'. And what it spoke was the truth.—Third Programme

## An Obstinate Exile

By LAURIE LEE

NE bright June morning, when I was nineteen, I packed all I had on to my back, left my native village, and walked up to London looking for gold and glory. That was more than fifteen years ago, and I have been here ever since. I shall probably stay here for the rest of my life. Yet in spite of all that I still cannot think of myself as a Londoner, nor ever will, nor ever want to.

For fifteen years I have lived in the flats, rooms, and garrets of this city, the drawers in the human filing-cabinets that stand in blank rows down the streets of Kensington and Notting Hill. Yet when I talk of my home I still think of that damp, green valley near Painswick where I was brought up. The boys I went to school with have long since grown and fattened, got married and gone bald, and they would probably have to give me a very long look before they recognised me if I turned up there again. But that is my home, and the image of it the day I left it is still more real to me than fifteen years of this crowded capital city.

Why does one become an exile in the first place? And if one does, why be obstinate about it? Furthermore, if one is forced to be as disloyal about the place of one's adoption as I am going to be about London, why not simply go back away home? There are a lot of answers. I was not the first lad to run away to London. They have been doing it for generations, and their motives are usually ascribed to economic compulsions. But young men do not leave a lush, creamy, village life like mine solely for economic reasons. They do it to confound their elders, to show off, to prove their free will, and to win honours of the outside world—and they do it with the image always in their minds of returning one day, in the cool of the evening, to lay their trophies at the villagers' feet and watch the old boys gasp.

This ambition always goes awry, of course, because city honours are not village honours at all. Like certain wines, they do not travel; carry them back to the village and you find they are dust in your hands. For village honours are still severely local. They include life-long success on the local dart-board, sharp wits in the cattle market, skill at growing whopping but useless vegetable marrows, weight-lifting, spitting, ringing bells, trapping foxes, cheating at draughts, winning at whist-drives, or working one's way up to be postman or gravedigger. Outside things don't count—and why should they? Take a train home, go to the pub, hand round cigarettes, and remark that you have just been made Chief Inspector of Inkwells at the Ministry of Boil and Trouble, and what

reaction do you get? They stick your cigarettes behind their ears, and then there is a silence, and then they say: 'Ah, but d'you 'ear about young Jim Hogg then? 'E's done well for 'isself, too. Caught three 'unnered rabbits last week in the vicarage grounds, an' sold back a dozen to the vicar. 'E's a lad, har, har'. No, when you leave your village as a young man you leave it for good. There is no going back at all. Unless, of course, you go and make a fortune in Australia, and then you might return as a sort of false Squire, but you would have to spend the rest of your life standing everybody drinks and apologising.

I have said all this to explain why I am an exile; why, having come to London, I have to stay here. I am cut off from the country now in everything except heart. I have forgotten the tricks and trades of the village, and my hands have grown soft. But I cannot get used to London, or accept it, or make a home of it. My gorge rises at the weight and size and muddle of it, sterilising the ground from horizon to horizon. We seem to have forgotten that cities could once be beautiful; cities like Siena, like jewels in a landscape, like small glittering islands of carved stone lapped round by cornfields with wild flowers growing up their walls. In those days there was a balanced proportion between city and country; the shepherd on the hill was visible from the market square, the draper could stroll out into the fields on a summer evening and cool his feet in a brook. Just try and stroll out through the wilds of the Great West Road of an evening and see where you get to. No, I have heard much about the spell and enchantment of London. I only wish it would work on me. Dr. Johnson had a real affection for the place; so had Gay. But their London was a roaring, compact little city where everybody knew everybody else and there were country fields as close in as Kensington and Chelsea. But my London is gross, top-heavy, out of focus, and out of scale.

There is one great virtue in size, and, of course, London is the greatest show on earth, for never have so many human characters been gathered together at one place. Here, in a day, you can see the world. Stand at the entrance to a main-line railway station, during rush-hour, and you see every possible human species scurrying past. One becomes amazed and transported by the multiplicity of the human face, by its infinite differences, by its almost prismatic graduations from ugliness to beauty, evil to good. And you cannot get this concentrated view anywhere but London. The sad, noisy clamour of life lived at close quarters; lovers in doorways, children in back-streets, singing on bustops on Saturday nights, whelk stalls, fish shops, cinemas, fairs, chimneys

on fire, and the warmth in the winter streets generated by a million fires and a million bodies—it is this mass gregariousness, this feeling

that one is at a non-stop party, that I like best of all.

Yet even this makes me long more for home. For this very gregariousness whets the appetite to know more of the human story, and in the country personal histories are everybody's property, but in London, man is the most secret animal on earth. And his translation seems to me to be a symbol of the change which everything undergoes on its way from country to city. All things that grow, for instance, by the time they have reached the city seem to suffer such a loss of virtue that only by legal courtesy can they any longer be called by their original country rames. Why doesn't someone find a new name for city flowers and city vegetables? In my village, in the full tide of summer, we had to cut down the roses with a sickle to get to our front door. If you left them for a week they swept over the house like flames, cracking the windows and breaking through the roof. As they grew, in great blowzy perfumed masses all over the garden, you could jump on them, or hack them with knives, or even drive the cows through them, and still they flourished, as persistent and lusty as weeds.

#### 'Selling the Air'

But look at those London roses—scentless, puny, plastic-coloured shades, mass-produced in market gardens, sold for a shilling and dead in a night. Fancy having to buy flowers, anyway. I can never get used to it. We used to chuck them like rubbish at the neighbours. Primroses, 6d. a withered bunch; dry little violets sprayed with hair-oil. Step out of our back door and you would tread on a quid's worth before you had gone a yard. And cowslips—very rare in the London streets and costing a packet in season—we used to pick them by the bucketful and make wine out of them. I have even seen people selling cow-parsley and

beech leaves up here. It is like selling the air.

And take new potatoes and mushrooms—both favourite victuals of mine. Something terrible seems to happen to London ones; they come to the table like ghosts of reality, tasting of flour and water. At home, when we wanted new potatoes for dinner we went to the garden for a forkful, knocked the earth off, washed them under a pump, and threw them in the pot. When cooked they tasted of thyme and mint and summer; their texture as delicate as marron glacé. London potatoes are just imitations, like plaster casts, dry and dusty, tasting of ash. And if we wanted mushrooms we picked them before breakfast from tufts of wet grass in shining, September fields. And when fried they had the magic flavour of manna, neither vegetable nor flesh, a woody, root-sweet tang, with an aura of orchids, sap and badger's tongues. Theirs is a taste like no other in the world. But London mushrooms have no taste at all—blown up like rubber bubbles in derelict basements, or the dark of suburban Nissen huts, and empty of all virtue save the name.

But I talk too much of food. We all do. London has a spirit, too, it has beauty, moods, shades, atmospheres: lingering, sharp-blue November afternoons, heavy, rose-pink summer evenings, jaunty spring mornings, and star-bright winter nights. These moments of beauty are probably the worst of all. For a wet day of bedraggled ugliness leaves me in comfort, but the beauties of London of which I am most conscious are those days when the airs and hues of the country pile up and overflow and come sliding over the city roofs to remind me of what is going on in the fields and woods of home. Then I am most restless, and my days most demented. Even the elements are somehow corrupted and made monstrous here. To walk on a sun-baked pavement is torture; the heat seems rank and artificial, an affront rather than a blessing; and to see rain falling on a pavement is also torture. Grass in the rain smells of milk and honey; pavements in the rain smell of wet cigarettes and feet.

Another thing that makes me very uneasy in London is the tameness of the pigeons. I like pigeons wild. I like to see them volley out of a high tree when they hear me coming and go swooping off discreetly to the neighbouring parish. It is a gesture to us both and balances our respect for each other. But in London there is none of that. Pigeons come padding after one like spivs—podgy, sly, looking for easy grub. They are fat and spoifed and scarcely even bother to fly any more. No, give me the remote, high-flying woodpigeon every time, rather than these seedy Trafalgar Square touts with their crops full of pop-corn and bus tickets. Letting themselves be photographed, indeed!

No, I shall never get used to London at all. But it has one sort of negative advantage. It is easy to work in such a muddled wilderness; it forces the mind and imagination to create the world it cannot offer.

In a prison cell, as many writers have found, it is easy to work, for there is nothing else to do. And London is rather like that, a place which, in obscuring the moving forms of the seasons and blotting out the intimate features of the stars, keeps one in perpetual and vivid awareness of that perfect exiled world to which one can never return, and to which it is probably better one never should. For here in London I am like a radio receiver set up in a cellar, continually receiving messages from the other side of the lines. I can lie here in bed in the morning, with drawn blinds, and by the temperature of the air and the very quality of sound coming from the street, I know exactly what kind of day it is a hundred miles away: that there is frost on the fruit blossom, or that it is a perfect morning for harvest, or that on such a morning the sheep will be tumbled into the sheepwash and bleating under the shears. As I start my day, and acquaint myself with the congestion in the buses, I know already the scene in the distant village; white washing blowing in a brisk west wind, cows splashing among the bullrushes, foxgloves spearing the hedgerows, cornfields toasting in the sun under swooping storms of bees.

Yes, that place is still my home, which London can never be, in spite of these fifteen years. And the reason is the obstinacy in the blood. I come from generations of Cotswold farmers. I have inherited instincts that are tuned to pastoral rhythms, to the moods of the earth, to seedtime and harvest, and the great cycle of the seasons. London cannot fulfil those instincts, and I, for my part, cannot lose them. So London remains my cage; the door is open, but I cannot leave. Meanwhile the cage is comfortable enough. And now, as I finish this somewhat ungrateful talk, if I am conscious of a faintly bitter taste in the mouth, it is, I must confess, my own fault. I have just been biting the hand that feeds me, and it tastes of soot.—Home Service

## On the Shell-Strewn Beach

What are you looking for,
Hoping to find there
On the sea shore?
A marvellous shell
More bright than rainbow
Small as a pearl
And carved like the tower
Of a white cathedral.

What are you waiting for Tide after tide
On the shore of the occan?
I have come seeking
The infinite cipher
And sum of all wisdom
Inscribed on a grain
Of sand that can lie
In the palm of my hand.

Have you searched in vain, Waited in vain On the white beaches? By every tide The white strand Is strewn with treasure, Shells without number Brighter than rainbow Formed in pools Deeper than dreams In purple water That teems with creation, I have found A myriad particles And each is all That can ever be told, But all are inscribed With a signature That I cannot read, Nor may I inhabit Towers of ivory And golden houses. KATHLEEN RAINE

## **NEWS DIARY**

#### September 5-11

#### Wednesday, September 5

Dr. Moussadeq threatens to cancel residence permits of British technicians in Persia if British Government does not submit new proposals on oil dispute within a fortnight

T.U.C. debates rearmament in international affairs at Blackpool; majority approves Government policy

The Emir Talal, Crown Prince of Jordan, proclaimed King

#### Thursday, September 6

Government announces that negotiations with Persia over oil dispute are broken off

General Ridgway proposes to communist leaders in Korea that a new site should be chosen for armistice talks

Mr. Gromyko attacks Japanese Peace Treaty in his speech at San Francisco

#### Friday, September 7

Western authorities in Berlin protest to Soviet Commander-in-Chief about interference in traffic between Berlin and Federal Republic

T.U.C. conference at Blackpool ends after discussing equal pay

#### Saturday, September 8

Japanese peace treaty signed in San Francisco by representatives from forty-nine countries

Important changes announced in constitution of Czechoslovak Government and Communist Party

H.M. the King returns to Balmoral after visit to medical adviser in London

#### Sunday, September 9

Dr. Moussadeq fails to obtain quorum for his proposal to send an ultimatum to the British Government about oil negotiations

General election takes place in Greece

#### Monday, September 10

The Treasury announces withdrawal of financial and trade facilities from Persia

British, French and American Foreign Ministers meet in Washington

International air transport conference meets in London

#### Tuesday, September 11

United Nations command admits that an American aircraft attacked Kaesong by mistake. Communists refuse to change site of cease-fire talks

Mr. Acheson and Mr. Morrison discuss rising costs of rearmament

Farm workers to receive increase in minimum pay



The new King of Jordan, King Talal (the eldest son of King Abdullah who was assassinated last July) photographed after taking the oath before both Houses of Parliament in Amman on September 6. On his right is one of his sons, Prince Hussein, and on his left are the Prime Minister, Tewfik Pasha (in dark suit), and members of the Cabinet





A photograph received last week showing members of the Franco-Belgian expedition led by M. Max Cosyns, the Belgian physicist, preparing for the first exploration last month of the Lepineux Gulf in the Pyrenees near the Spanish border. The gulf, which was originally discovered two years ago by M. Georges Lepineux (and who, as a member of the present expedition, has made the first descent) has been found to have a record unbroken vertical drop of 1,253 feet

Left: the London Zoo's baby King Penguin (hatched ten days ago) with its parents. The chick is seen on the feet of the male bird, covered by a fold of its body: the parents take turns in nursing the chick in this way



Above: the scene in Sa Truman opened the Jaztember 4. Right: Mr. watched by members of September 8. Forty-eig Russia, Poland and Cz Gromyko had protested. A few hours afterwards cluded between the United States the about Japan after the Al



An example from the ... Children's Art at the Ro Piccadilly, London: 'O' wood by Sylvester







An aerial view of the fire which broke out among petrol storage tanks of the Regent Oil Company at Avonmouth Docks near Bristol on September 6. Hundreds of firemen, assisted by police and troops, took thirty-eight hours to get the blaze under control. Nine tanks were destroyed and two men lost their lives. About 3,750,000 gallons of petrol have been lost. The manager of the oil company said that while the fire was serious in the present situation it was not a national disaster



Institute Galleries, Institute Galleries, In ', a carving in a, aged sixteen





The annual gondola regatta which was held recently on the Grand Canal, Venice. One of the events of the regatta is a race over a four-and-a-half mile course between nine gondolas, each bearing the name and colours of a district of the city

Left: the annual Braemar Highland Gathering was held on September 6 and was attended by Their Majesties the King and Queen and Princess Margaret. The photograph was taken during the judging of the Highland Dancing

## A Dramatic Critic's Creed

#### By PHILIP CARR

HOSE of us who have had to sit through many first nights must occasionally have been tempted to try to formulate a complete definition of drama. I have been tempted myself, and here is the result. Drama is the collective response of an assembled audience. It is their response to the living representation of an imagined conflict of human personality. The protagonists in the conflict must be in the physical presence of the audience. They must react to the reactions of the audience. The author, who has imagined the conflict, and each of the performers, who represent it, must be inspired with a conscious purpose. This purpose is to imitate life in such a way as to provoke the response of the audience, that is to say to give aesthetic pleasure. You may think that this definition is rather a mouthful; but if I take it to pieces, I think I can show you that each word in it is indispensable; for it not only includes everything which is drama, but—hardly less important—excludes what is not.

For instance, you may be surprised at the vital place which it gives to the audience. Those who write about the drama often forget the share in its creation which is taken by the audience. The audience is even left out of that famous and otherwise admirable definition by Alexandre Dumas: drama is three planks, two actors and a passion. But the audience is an indispensable part of drama. Drama is not the play. It is not even the performance of the play. It is the response of the audience to that performance. Some people fancy that a play exists as drama when it leaves the hands of the author. It does not, although of course the author has supplied the potential of drama. A few more people recognise that the play does not live until it is acted. Fewer still understand that acting it is not alone sufficient. Before the play really comes to life, it must be acted in the presence of an audience, and an audience sufficiently numerous to give a collective response.

#### Exchange of Magnetism

Drama is in fact a triple collaboration of author, actors and audience; and between actors and audience there is a constant exchange of magnetism. Each influences the other in the creation of the dramatic effect. Those of us who have had to do with the production of plays know that the temper of every audience is different. An actor who has not yet made his first entrance will ask of another who has, 'How are they tonight?' A stage director, even of long experience, may have one opinion about a new play when he reads it in manscript, another when he takes the final rehearsal, and a third, perhaps surprising to himself, when he has been a member of the audience at a public performance. The mutual and magnetic exchange between audience and actors manifests itself in many subtle ways. As far as the audience is concerned, it does so chiefly in the direct way of applause. There has lately arisen the pernicious idea that there should be no applause during the performance of a play, but that it should all be reserved for the end. This is an idea drawn from the false analogy of the orchestral concert, where the relation between performers and audience is less intimate—no, less direct, because human beings and human passions are not directly concerned. I can remember hearing Henry Irving approve, with his quiet chuckle, this story about George Frederick Cooke. Cooke was a tragedian of note in his day, and even a rival of Edmund Kean. The story is that he once stepped out of his part, advanced to the footlights and said: 'Ladies and gentlemen, if you don't applaud, I can't act'. Does anyone really imagine that Shakespeare did not intend Hamlet's triumph in the play scene and the close of Henry the Fifth's Agincourt speech to be marked by applause?

Drama is in fact a popular art—the only one of the arts except that of the orator which is really popular. Like that of the orator, it requires an immediate popular response, but even more than that of the orator, for it requires not only popular response, but popular collaboration in the making of the work of art itself. There may be, and often are, subtleties of dramatic effect to which a portion of the audience is allergic, in the sense of not being able to recognise them and examine them critically; but unless the collective emotions of the audience can instinctively respond to the main elements of even these subtle effects.

and perhaps without consciously understanding its own response, the effects themselves are not drama.

Certain collective reactions of the audience may be foreseen by an experienced playgoer. For example, it will always give its sympathy to the character who is visibly suffering the most, whether that character has previously been presented as sympathetic or no. Thus, Shakespeare could not help the audience feeling with Shylock at the end of the trial scene, and certainly he knew it beforehand. Sheridan could not make the audience feel with Charles Surface at the end of the screen scene, and almost certainly he did not know it beforehand. Actresses playing Cleopatra, who cut the scene with Seleucus the steward for fear of losing the sympathy of the audience, do not understand that no revelation of human frailty in the character can diminish sympathy for her when she comes to suffer.

#### The Dramatist and his Audience

Other arts may be popular by reason of their appeal for popular approval; but they do not demand collective and immediate popular approval; and without that, drama simply cannot exist. The novelist, the painter, the sculptor, the musician can all be satisfied with an audience of one person, or in any case one at a time. The dramatist cannot. The work of these other artists remains stable, whatever the response of their audience, and they can afford to wait for this response. The work of the dramatist is not stable, and he cannot wait. The musician no doubt requires someone to interpret his work, as does the dramatist, and the interpreter is no doubt to some extent influenced by the reactions of his audience, as are the interpreters of the dramatist. But an audience is not indispensable to him, and still less is a collective audience. The dramatist must absolutely have one, or perish.

Drama must be a living representation, and the actors must be in the physical presence of the audience, and thus in magnetic contact with the audience, sensitive to its reactions and reacting in turn. This, of course, excludes the films and excludes radio. They may produce two different arts, which are akin to drama, but are quite definitely not drama. A dramatic performance may indeed itself include many admirable things which are not drama—descriptive and lyric poetry, verbal wit, abstract argument and political and social opinions, as well as pretty faces and dresses and scenery; and it may furnish an effective platform for the display of these other attractions; but they will not long hold the attention of the audience unless there is essential drama as well. On the other hand, the collaboration of the audience is an integral part of drama. Therefore the traditions, the prejudices, the degree of education, the tastes and the social habits of the men and women composing an audience in any particular place or time contribute to the kind of play which is likely to be produced to meet those tastes, but they also contribute to the dramatic effect created at the time of the performance, although universal human instincts and sympathies contribute much

#### Doing Right by Shakespeare

Thus it would not be enough even to reproduce all the physical conditions of the Greek or the Elizabethan theatre, in order to restore the complete dramatic effect designed by Sophocles or Shakespeare, unless it were also possible to reproduce the Greek or Elizabethan audience. Reproductions of ancient types of theatrical performance are of interest to students; but they are more an obstacle than an assistance in the creation of dramatic effect; for they are so unusual that they prevent the audience of today from devoting its undivided attention to the dramatic conflict itself. The essential part, if not the whole of the dramatic effect designed by Sophocles or Shakespeare, can still be obtained; and it can be obtained more surely in a theatre which would be strange to Sophocles or Shakespeare than in one which would be strange to the audience. If ever this becomes no longer possible Shakespeare and Sophocles will be dramatically dead, as some of the comic passages of Shakespeare and the farcical passages of Molière are already.

It may be noticed that in my definition of drama I have made no reference to words. It is because words are by no means indispensable to that living thing which is drama, although words are nearly always a chief part of the means by which drama is created. What is indispensable is action. The famous pantomimist Deburau was able to move his audience to tears and laughter by representations in which there were no words at all, but which were, quite definitely, drama—drama in which he was both author and principal actor. Henry Reed, in his recent talks on the use of verse in dramatic writing\*, has said two things which seem to me to show a misapprehension of what is the essence of drama. One is that the dramatist is at a disadvantage compared with the novelist, because he has fewer words in which to create his effects. Is, then, the writer of a sonnet at a disadvantage as compared with the writer of an epic, because he also has fewer words? The drama is a concentrated art form, like the sonnet. There need be no slavish submission to the three unities of time and place and action, if only there is unity of spirit. It is nevertheless true that the drama is less powerful when there is more than one action, and when the action is spread over wide changes of scene or a long period of time-when it includes a lapse of years, for instance—and more powerful when the scene and time are concentrated—for example, when a play is made to begin at the latest possible moment in the story.

But my chief quarrel with this comparison of Mr. Reed's between the novelist and the dramatist is that it seems to suppose that they are both aiming at similar effects, or are at least using similar means. Even if it is admitted that the aims of the dramatist are similar to those of the novelist, which they seldom are, his means are quite different. The means of the dramatist are primarily action. Words, when he uses them, are really secondary. There can be drama without words, but not without action. It is the novel which can do without action, though it cannot do without words.

The second of Mr. Reed's statements with which I cannot agree is that those nineteenth-century poets who experimented-in verse drama failed as dramatists because they used an unsuitable or exhausted kind of verse. It may be true that their verse medium was dead; but I am convinced that they failed in drama because they were all incapable of inventing dramatic action, and thus giving the actors and the audience the opportunity to collaborate with them in the creation of drama. Now, what is dramatic action? It does not consist in the actors being in constant movement about the stage or shooting each other or knocking each other down. I have defined it as the living representation of an imagined conflict of human personality. That drama requires a conflict has long been recognised—no conflict, no drama, as Bernard Shaw has said. But it is not the representation of any kind of conflict that makes drama. Orlando in 'As You Like It' has a conflict with Charles the Wrestler; but it is not the dramatic conflict of the play, or a dramatic conflict at all. Nor is Charles the Wrestler a dramatic figure. The dramatic conflict is not physical. It is a conflict of human personality, between Orlando and Rosalind. Dramatic conflict, in fact, consists of the action and reaction of human personalities upon each other, a conflict of character, which may sometimes be raised to the level of a conflict of one character with Fate, a conflict with the angel.

Whatever the conflict, it is essential that it be an imagined conflict,

created by the author and the actors. What makes the characters of recent history so intractable in drama is that usually there is so much detail known about them and their doings that this imaginative creation cannot take place; for the known historical events and the known personal features get in the way of it. And yet, when the history is distant enough to have become legend, the fact that the story is familiar is rather a dramatic advantage than otherwise. For the audience must always be in the know—not in the sense of knowing what is going to happen, but in that of fully understanding what is happening. It must never be led, even temporarily, along a false track, as the reader of a novel may be led, and as, of course, the characters in a play may be led. That is why most detective plays are bad plays.

The conscious and revealed artistic purpose, not only of the author, but also of the actors, is of the essence of drama. Audiences are more on the alert than is generally realised, even by themselves. They expect -perhaps without knowing it—the smallest thing seen or heard upon the stage to show a purpose, and much of what is called bad acting is simply speech and movement which are not significant. The difference between the professional actor and the amateur is that the professional knows what effect he wants and knows how he gets his effects. Spectators at a play must often have felt uncomfortable, again without knowing why, when they have seen small children or animals on the stage. It is because the animals, and even the children, are living performers indeed, but not consciously acting; and their presence not only fails to create, but destroys the dramatic illusion. The boy actors of Shakespeare's time are not a sufficient answer. For one thing, it was adult actors, and sometimes great actors, if tradition is to be believed, who played the male parts. For another, the female parts, which the boys did play, were carefully limited by the author to their capacities.

It was indeed argued the other day in connection with a performance of Hamlet by carefully coached Harrow schoolboys, that such a performance is impersonally objective, and so enables the audience really to hear Shakespeare speaking, as one hears Handel through the voice of a choirboy. Such an argument can also be used in favour of puppets, as against human actors. There is no doubt that for the quite minor parts in a play, carefully coached but undistinguished actors, adult or schoolboy, can do all that is required. They even have a certain value in the fact that their personalities do not get in the way of those of the real protagonists of the drama. Puppets might have the same value, if they could in practice be limited to these minor parts. But for the parts of the protagonists, the effect of their dramatic conflict is enhanced, rather than diminished, by the interpolation of the personalities of the actors between author and audience, supposing always that they are actors of imagination. Of course, there are many wrong ways of interpreting a character, or creating it, to use the actor's word for placing it for the first time upon the stage. But it does not follow that there is only one right way. Shakespeare, an actor and man of the theatre, writing parts to give opportunities for actors, must have understood this perfectly well. Can you imagine a quite impersonal boy actor giving a satisfactory performance of Lear or Falstaff or the Nurse in 'Romeo and Juliet' or Iago?

So, there is the result of my effort to define the principle of drama. It has at least enabled me to tell you what I really believe.

\* THE LISTENER, May 10 and 17

-Third Programme

## Vergil and the Christian World

(continued from page 412)

erotic episodes as left no canker on the conscience of that wayfarer. He was not to return at last to the remembered hearth-fire, to find an exemplary wife awaiting him, to be reunited to his son, his dog and his servants. Aeneas' end is only a new beginning; and the whole point of the pilgrimage is something which will come to pass for future generations. His nearest likeness is Job, but his reward is not what Job's was, but is only in the accomplishment of his destiny. He suffers for himself, he acts only in obedience. He is, in fact, the prototype of a Christian hero. For he is, humbly, a man with a mission; and the mission is everything.

The pietas is in this way explicable only in terms of fatum. This is a word which constantly recurs in the Aeneid; a word charged with meaning, and perhaps with more meaning than Vergil himself knew. Our nearest word is 'destiny', and that is a word which means more than we can find any definitions for. It is a word which can have no meaning

in a mechanical universe: if that which is wound up must run down, what destiny is there in that? Destiny is not necessitarianism, and it is not caprice: it is something essentially meaningful. Each man has his destiny, though some men are undoubtedly 'men of destiny' in a sense in which most men are not; and Aeneas is egregiously a man of destiny, since upon him the future of the Western World depends. But this is an election which cannot be explained, a burden and responsibility rather than a reason for self-glorification. It merely happens to one man and not to others, to have the gifts necessary in some profound crisis, but he can take no credit to himself for the gifts and the responsibility assigned to him. Some men have had a deep conviction of their destiny, and in that conviction have prospered; but when they cease to act as an instrument, and think of themselves as the active source of what they do, their pride is punished by disaster. Aeneas is a man guided by the deepest conviction of destiny, but he is a humble man who

knows that this destiny is something not to be desired and not to be avoided. Of what power is he the servant? Not of the gods, who are themselves merely instruments, though sometimes rebellious ones. The concept of destiny leaves us with a mystery, but it is a mystery not contrary to reason, for it implies that the world, and the course of human history, have meaning.

Nor does destiny relieve mankind of moral responsibility. Such, at least, is my reading of the episode of Dido. The love affair of Aeneas and Dido is arranged by Venus: neither of the lovers was free to abstain. Now Venus herself is not acting on a whim, or out of mischief. She is certainly proud of the destiny of her son, but her behaviour is not that of a doting mother: she is herself an instrument for the realisation of her son's destiny. Aeneas and Dido had to be united, and had to be separated. Aeneas did not demur; he was obedient to his fate. But he was certainly very unhappy about it, and I think that he felt that he was behaving shamefully. For why else should Vergil have contrived his meeting with the Shade of Dido in Hades, and the snub that he receives? When he sees Dido he tries to excuse himself for his betrayal. Sed me iussa deum-but I was under orders from the gods; it was a very unpleasant decision to have imposed upon me, and I am sorry that you took it so hard. She avoids his gaze and turns away, with a face as expressionless as if it had been carved from flint or Marpesian rock. I have no doubt that Vergil, when he wrote these lines, was assuming the role of Aeneas and feeling very decidedly a worm. No, destiny like that of Aeneas does not make the man's life any easier: it is a very heavy cross to bear. And I do not think of any hero of antiquity who found himself in quite this inevitable and deplorable position. I think that the poet who could best have emulated Vergil's treatment of this situation was Racine: certainly the Christian poet who gave the furious Roxane the blasting line 'Rentre dans le Néant d'où je t'ai fait sortir' could, if anyone, have found words for Dido on this occasion.

What then does this destiny, which no Homeric hero shares with Aeneas, mean? For Vergil's conscious mind, and for his contemporary readers, it means the *imperium romanum*. This in itself, as Vergil saw it, was a worthy justification of history. I think that he had few illusions and that he saw clearly both sides of every question—the case for the loser as well as the case for the winner. Nevertheless even those who have as little Latin as I must remember and thrill at the lines:

His ego nec metas rerum, nec tempora pono: Imperium sine fine dedi . . . Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento (hae tibi erunt artes) pacique imponere morem, parcere subiectis et debellare superbos . . .

I say that it was all the end of history that Vergil could be asked to find, and that it was a worthy end. And do you really think that Vergil was mistaken? You must remember that the Roman Empire was transformed into the Holy Roman Empire. What Vergil proposed to his contemporaries was the highest ideal even for an unholy Roman Empire, for any merely temporal empire. We are all, so far as we inherit the civilisation of Europe, still citizens of the Roman Empire, and time has not yet proved Vergil wrong when he wrote nec tempora pono: imperium sine fine dedi. But, of course, the Roman Empire which Vergil imagined and for which Aeneas worked out his destiny was not exactly the same as the Roman Empire of the legionaries, the proconsuls and governors, the business-men and speculators, the demagogues and generals. It was something greater, but something which exists because Vergil imagined it. It remains an ideal, but one which Vergil passed on to Christianity to develop and to cherish.

In the end, it seems to me that the place which Dante assigned to Vergil in the future life, and the role of guide and teacher as far as the barrier which Vergil was not allowed to pass, was not capable of passing, is an exact statement of Vergil's relation to the Christian world. We find the world of Vergil, compared to the world of Homer, to approximate to a Christian world, in the choice, order and relationship of its values. I have said that this implies no comparison between Homer the poet and Vergil the poet. Neither do I think that it is exactly a comparison between the worlds in which they lived, considered apart from the interpretation of these worlds which the poets have given us. It may be merely that we know more about the world of Vergil, and understand it better; and therefore see more clearly how much, in the Roman idea according to Vergil, is due to the shaping hand and the philosophical mind of Vergil himself. For, in the sense in which a poet is a philosopher (as distinct from the sense

in which a great poet may embody a great philosophy in great poetry) Vergil is the greatest philosopher of ancient Rome. It is not, therefore, simply that the civilisation in which Vergil lived is nearer to the civilisation of Christianity than is that of Homer; we can say that Vergil, among classical Latin poets or prose writers, is uniquely near to Christianity. There is a phrase which I have been trying to avoid, but which I now find myself obliged to use: anima naturaliter Christiana. Whether we apply it to Vergil is a matter of personal choice; but I am inclined to think that he just falls short: and that is why I said just now that I think Dante has put Vergil in the right place. I will try to give the reason.

I think of another key word, besides labor, pietas and fatum, which I wish that I could illustrate from Vergil in the same way. What key word can one find in the Divine Comedy which is absent from the Aeneid? One word of course is lume, and all the words expressive of the spiritual significance of light. But this, I think, as used by Dante, has a meaning which belongs only to explicit Christianity, fused with a meaning which belongs to mystical experience. And Vergil is no mystic. The term which one can justifiably regret the lack of in Vergil is amor. It is, above all others, the key word for Dante. I do not mean that Vergil never uses it. Amor recurs in the Eclogues (amor vincit omnia). But the loves of the shepherds represent hardly more than a poetic convention. The use of the word amor in the Ecloques is not illuminated by meanings of the word in the Aeneid; in the way in which, for example, we return to Paolo and Francesca with greater understanding of their passion after we have been taken through the circles of love in the Paradiso. Certainly, the love of Aeneas and Dido has great tragic force. There is tenderness and pathos enough in the Aeneid. But Love is never given, to my mind, the same significance as a principle of order in the human soul, in society and in the universe that pietas is given; and it is not Love that causes fatum, or moves the sun and the stars. Even for intensity of physical passion, Vergil is more tepid than some other Latin poets, and far below the rank of Catullus. If we are not chilled we at least feel ourselves, with Vergil, to be moving in a kind of emotional twilight. Vergil was, among all authors of classical antiquity, one for whom the world made sense, for whom it had order and dignity, and for whom, as for no one before his time except the Hebrew prophets, history had meaning. But he was denied the vision of the man who could say:

Within its depths I saw ingathered, bound by love in one volume, the scattered leaves of all the universe.

Legato con amor in un volume.

-Third Programme

## A Scene of Disaster

This place a painter's is, all eye And silence. No one passes by Disturbing ochre sand or blades Of marram grass that life invades No more: no air-alarming bird Or earth-abiding creature stirred Since how much time ago none knows—With the dead the reckoning goes.

What happened, then? Untold, unknown, Precisely how was overthrown
The fishing village, boats blown by
In splinters down a startled sky.
An old disaster—storm, or hand
Of man in frenzy, struck the land,—
The most of news uprooted trees
Cast up by unrelated seas.

Nothing but dunes: this once that bay Crowded with boats. Some men, they say, Hung on until the last, in caves. The blind sea heaps up violent waves And thrusts its message roaring in With pebbled rush by glassy fin, To flood the empty beach and shell Where only air and water dwell:

KENNETH GEE

## Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

#### Oliver Cromwell

Sir.—In his talk upon 'Oliver Cromwell: the Spiritual Anarchist', Mr. Maurice Ashley makes some interesting points but one is led to wonder how far he is correct in his closing sentences about freedom of worship as an outcome of Cromwell's policy. The furtive administrations of ecclesiastical ordinances by bishops forced into the strictest privacy suggests otherwise. So, too, does Evelyn's diary. Walker's Sufferings of the Clergy scarcely suggests that tolerance was the lot received by non-Puritans. At the other extreme, Biddle of Gloucester, a Unitarian fanatic, could scarcely say that he was allowed his freedom! The unfortunate Quaker enthusiast, John Navlor, could likewise look back upon a rough reception. Nor can the Scottish Presbyterians have rated Commonwealth freedom very highly, as their distinctive liturgy and traditions were torn up and cast aside by Puritans from

Again, how far is it true to ascribe the later rise of a social radicalism to the Free Churches? Their freedom was strictly bounded by their own desires, while the social freedom at which the Reform Bill of 1832 aimed was a distinct element in the new secular middle-class movement. When they had obtained their own personal objectives in government, the middle-class dissenters tended to drop away from the reform movements. Socialist movements in religion are to be allied far more closely with the High Churchmen who had learned of F. D. Maurice in the years after 1848. For example, the Guild of St. Matthew, founded in 1877 by Stewart Headlam, was the first avowedly Socialist society in England. Fr. Adderley and Canon Scott Holland were working for a balanced radicalism at a time when the nonconformist bodies, whether they were orthodox or heterodox, did not look too kindly for the most part on socialistic pastors.

It may be questioned whether Puritanism in theory does indeed lead to social freedom in practice. In his recent work, the Admonition Controversy, Professor McGinn has challenged the claim in the light of the happenings in the days of Thomas Cartwright, the sixteenth-century Puritan. The late Arthur Machen, in 1904, subjected the claims of modern neo-Puritanism fo stand for freedom to a scathing satire in Dr. Stiggins: His Views and Opinions. Certainly, it is not a matter to be taken for granted.

The Cromwellian movement may have challenged the Church of England after 1662 by having created a 'dissidence of dissent' which led finally to the tolerated nonconformity of 1689. But it must be recalled that the restoration of the Church of England in 1662 was socially popular and that the bishops of the period reasserted the characteristic theological and ecclesiastical views of Laud and his school. The catholicity of its liturgy, always present, was underlined and made more explicit. There was a blank denial of the validity of non-episcopal ordination.

In so far as it attempted to capture a place within the Church of England for the distinctive tenets of Commonwealth Puritanism, the Savoy Conference of 1661 was a distinct failure on the Puritan side.

Yours, etc., F. H. Amphlett Micklewright

#### Business—the Grave Impertinence

Sir,—I wish it was unnecessary to disagree with Mr. Hopkinson, as I very much sympathise with his attitude towards business and the arts. My gently applied cudgel is wielded on behalf of economics and accountancy.

Accountants will not blush to be told that their attitude is that every expense should be productive—I like to think that as a cost accountant I help to ensure at least that. As to profit-making in each department, modern management does not insist that each department must make profits, but that profit for the business as a whole shall be maximised, that loss' and waste should be identified and that 'losses' should be 'productive', that is, indirectly of benefit to the business. The illustration of expenditure on a certain assignment for a pictorial newspaper is not strictly apt, as a newspaper sells all of its products to each consumer, and the 'mix' of the contents of the paper is a matter for the editor. The accountant of a newspaper is in a vastly different position from an accountant in, say, a manufacturing concern

The union of art and business will become more permanent, as Mr. Hopkinson says, with an enlightened attitude on the part of businessmen and the artist's appreciation of the fact that he must make his art popular and capable of being handled by the productive facilities of the business.

Economic considerations, which accountancy helps to reduce to quantitative terms, set the limit to the extent of the union between art and business, and the artist, if he wishes to participate more in business activity (and does he?) must expect to be treated as an economic unit. By all means let our lawn-mowers and supercinemas be beautiful, but let us appreciate the cost, even if we are not sure (as in the field of public service we are not sure) of the gain.

Despite my criticism my spirit is kindred to that of Mr. Hopkinson.

Ringwood Yours, etc.,
A. J. Perera

Sir,-Both Tyrone Guthrie and Tom Hopkinson open up on the forces actively hostile to (their) art as a serious interest. The former in his Home Service talk on the responsibilities of a state-patronised theatre manager says 'The puritan tradition has died hard. There is the far deadlier body of opinion that regards the whole theatre . . . as "show business". The latter, after twenty years in Fleet Street, declares that much of the popular press looks upon all painters, composers and poets (except Augustus John, Britten and T. S. Eliot) as 'long-haired figures of fun', etc., etc. John Grierson, at Edinburgh, recently has attributed the decline of the British documentary film (since 1941) to Government P.R.O.s whose minds don't extend beyond suburbia (Sir Stafford Cripps was the serious film's sole friend, apparently)-a case of top civil service mouthpieces being devoid of creative and artistic sensibility.

Hopkinson is against the Guthries and Griersons being engaged in administrative management and directorial work and would replace them by new business-men types with gifts of appreciation. Can he suggest any business-men's names that could supplant Guthrie and Grierson in their Government-sponsored work or for that

matter, T. S. Eliot, in what is after all a commercial book-publishing firm? I appreciate that he is fighting for justice for the creative cultural worker.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.3 J. V. SMART

#### Choosing Children for Secondary Schools

Sir,—The decisive fact is thus stated by a correspondent: 'In many cases it is much too early to decide a child's capabilities and future at the age of eleven'. Three of today's four letters emphasise this in different ways. How can we determine, at that stage, the bent and powers of creatures so various—quick or slow, more mature or less, showing or not yet showing special interests, well or badly taught and trained, blessed or cursed by environment and history, good at exams or paralysed by them?

And this is a pass or fail business, not just 'allocation'. It is pass or fail in the attempt to obtain the education of a cultured human being. That correspondent wisely suggests both elasticity and later reconsideration. But surely the system is so fallible and so vexatious just because it is radically unsound. There should be a general course to the age of thirteen at least, providing options but purely educational in purpose. A true extension of education demands this. 'Specialisation' is sometimes a not too fortunate, but delusive, idea in universities. It is tragi-comic in the lower reaches of schools.

It is depressing to find teachers so resentful against those who have to leave a grammar school at fifteen. Apparently, by sixteen you have gained 'a smattering'; by fifteen not even that, not anything! Education is not a scheme by which, for four years, a series of puzzles are set, awaiting the key dexterously provided in the fifth year. It is continuous growth throughout. Four years in any decent grammar school makes the pupil far richer and far fitter for intercourse and achievement than he could have been had he been shut out by regimentation or pedantry.

Yours, etc.,
Petworth J. C. Rollo
(Formerly Principal, Maharaja's College, Mysore,
and University Officer, University of Rajputana)

Sir,—Having read and re-read Professor Armfelt's talk on 'Choosing Children for Secondary Schools' the conclusion is inescapable that it is a piece of special pleading on behalf of a cause of which the pleader is beginning to have some doubt.

He quotes from hypothetical angry fathers. Of course, parents worth the name are angry, very angry. Have we not lost all rights, all choice, in the education of our children? Have we not every cause to be angry, that there should be any who can sit in their 'ivory towers', be they red-brick university or Whitehall palace, and make the impudent, arrogant claim alone to decide what is good for our children? Should we not be angry that there is no appeal from these decisions, influenced as they are by 'intelligence' tests that are, in fact, tests for quick-wittedness only. And are these tests not loathed by the teachers?

What does Professor Armfelt mean by 'secondary schools'? Does he use the term in its usual pre-1945 connotation? It appears

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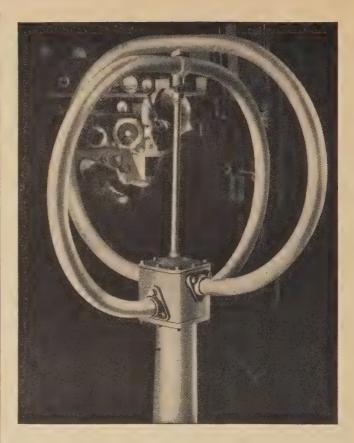
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now that the term 'secondary' as applied to education has no precise meaning, but can be extended, as may be expedient, to any form of schooling following the infants and primary (junior) schools but not to grammar schools. In fact, the term is used by the demagogues to deceive the ignorant.

The Professor admits that there is no uniformity of method as from one authority to another. Is it not a further cause for indignation that a child's schooling can becomeindeed, in many cases has become-the shuttlecock of inter-county prejudice and conflicting standards?

Professor Armfelt's remarks are apologia to the thousands of parents who see their hopes and aspirations for their children being ground to nothing between the millstones of idealist experiment and political expediency. At the same time we are expected to fail over backwards out of gratitude for being relieved of our parental responsibilities which are to be shouldered for us by well-meaning professors and regulationbound civil servants.

Yours, etc., London, S.E.7 FRANCIS R. MULLISS

#### Communists in Italy

Sir,-May I briefly humble myself before Mr. Serpell and also the gallant defender of charwomen. They take me, I fear, too much au pied de la lettre. The ministrations of chars were, as the writer wisely guesses, a London experience: they took the tea and left the dust, at a cost beyond my means. But I am sure many are most worthy, and all honour to their tribe: I still think that, domestic service being what it is in England, there is room for more Italian labour.

As for Mr. Serpell, I am truly sorry that he recoils so vigorously from the ambassadorial cocktail, which has a value and interest of its own. I am well aware that he travels extensively and often, and I have no doubt at all that he knows far more about Italian politics and Italy as a whole than I do. It did not cross my mind to rebut his facts about Communist voting: I sought only to add a small note of hope to an article which, though admirably informative and accurate, gave (to me) an impression of gloom which I do not find in my little Tuscan valley. And I rather stick to my point that, shrink violet-like as he may before every ambassadorial figure with a cocktail glass, Mr. Serpell must be to some extent affected by living in Rome, just as I am affected by living like a hermit-crab among the olives. Perhaps I should send him a consignment of the latter, both as a peace-offering and for cocktails: in return, I should be thrilled by the loan of a few ambassadors.

Yours, etc.,
Lionel Fielden Florence

#### People and Politics in the Middle East

Sir,-Has the Near East definitively 'gone west '? Is there any hope of it being rediscovered and restored? The Near East was swallowed by the Middle East in the second world war, when the British Commander-in-Chief Middle East established his headquarters at Cairo, and armies of his command came westwards along the southern coast of the Mediterranean and eventually reached triumphantly almost to the Pillars of Hercules. Since then statesmen, soldiers, publicists and the press generally-and, I fear, the B.B.C. also-have forgotten the old historical Near East and have been moving the Middle East farther and farther west until the Near East (the existence of a Middle East implies a Near one) and, consequently, the West are in dire peril of disappearing from this hemisphere and joining Atlantis at the bottom of the ocean.

Geographers were agreed—and I think still are—that all south-eastern Europe below the oblique Balkan watershed, Turkey, the lands of the eastern Mediterranean and Egypt (but no other parts of North Africa) should properly be designated Near East, Middle East and Near East are not merely political designations; they have historical and geographical meanings which should not be lightly discarded.

The present fashion is absurd, meaningless and confusing; let the old classification be restored and adhered to.

Yours, etc.,
L. DE LA TORRE London, S.W.16

#### Abstract Painting in England

Sir.—If anyone has overrated himself it is Mr. Boles whose arguments have no foundation in knowledge. It would be profitable, therefore, to remind him of a few facts.

The revolutionary changes in our means of existence brought about by the discoveries of science (the aeroplane, motor-car, wireless, electricity, atomic energy, etc.), which mark the character of this century, are not isolated factors in a static world, but counterparts of similar changes in politics, social behaviour, philosophy and art. Today the whole world is shaken by the spirit of reconstruction. In the realm of the arts, those that belong to the visual senses have been most affected in outward form. In painting and sculpture, as also in architecture, an entirely new language has been formed bearing no resemblance at all to traditional forms.

A new language, however, can do two things. On the one hand it can express the old in a new way and, on the other, it can be used to express something altogether new. In his recent broadcast, Graham Sutherland stated very clearly one of the ways in which the new language can be brought to bear on the traditional imitative approach to content. The classic example of this is Picasso's great painting, 'Guernica'. When, however, we come to abstract painting proper, we are confronted not only with the new language, but a new attitude to content as well.

Abstract art does not reject content, but reaffirms the fundamental content of all art, that is intellectual and emotional experience derived from the real world, by crystallising it in abstract terms. The new language has enabled the artist to do this. No longer is the imitation or representation of the particular sources of experience an a priori condition of his art. If Mr. Boles cannot understand this, how is it that he can enjoy music, make mathematical calculations or write a letter without the aid of pictures? The power of abstraction represents the unique achievement of the human mind; by it man has learnt the laws of nature and brought many of her forces under his control.

London, S.E.3

Yours, etc., VICTOR PASMORE

Sir,-Mr. Boles is in danger of grinding his axe too keenly. The sparks have made a lively show, but he should be reminded that the weapon is doubled-edged. Thus he now assures us that he does not pigeon-hole contemporary painting as either abstract or traditional, but, the next moment, he reiterates: 'The traditionalists have, time and again, successfully attacked the abstract wing of the contemporary movement' How could this imagined event take place unless Mr. Boles conceived the two as mutually exclusive groups?

Mr. Boles further says that he does not attack abstract painting as being non-traditional. Presumably therefore he admits that 'abstract painters can also be traditionalists in the true

sense of the word. May we know then who are the mysterious 'traditionalists' who 'successfully attacked' them?

Mr. Boles suggests that I am naive in my conviction that a preoccupation with the abstract element in painting does not separate a painter from the body of tradition. This apparent generic separateness from 'past painting' may deceive Mr. Boles and others. Need I instance the numerous movements in the past which have appeared equally divorced from tradition. and have been accepted only very gradually? The only untraditional painter is a bad painter.

Before Mr. Boles proceeds further with his executions let us consider this precipitous heads-man's final 'cardinal point'. Do such mature and admittedly distinguished artists as Pasmore and Nicholson so absurdly 'overrate themselves' as he claims, and was Jankel Adler likewise merely a conceited 'applied-art' patternist, the artistic equal of a Bradford mill-hand? Or is Mr. Boles being rather presumptuous?

Yours, etc., Louis Le Brocouy London, N.W.3

#### Functionalism in the 'Fifties

Sir,-May I conclude my side of this correspondence by using Mr. Pye's significant disavowal of William Morris and of the Craft Revival to illustrate a point which I have been trying to make all along?

It is to me a matter of the greatest interest that so eminent a furniture designer as David Pye should be able to disclaim any working knowledge of William Morris. For it was Morris who first launched the revived taste for the furniture of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and who gave this cue to our sensitive cousins in Scandinavia.

It seems, at first sight, unfair that a designer should not be believed when he disclaims allegiance to a school of thought. But it is notorious how often creative people are unaware of the influences which have made them what they are. As I have been trying to suggest, it is precisely their lack of a rational intellectual interest in their own background which has prevented our furniture designers from giving us the realisations which we need.

Yours, etc., LANCE WRIGHT Bristol

#### 'Life of Baron von Hügel'

Sir,-It seems odd to me that Mr. Harold Binns should be ready to pass judgment on the quality of von Hügel's orthodoxy on the basis, apparently, of a book review and a piece of hearsay evidence when the problem is treated per longum et latum in the book itself. It seems even odder to me that he should pass judgment on Pasteur on the evidence of a cliché and on Mendel on nothing more solid than Mr. Binns' own feeling that Mendel was more interested in peas than in the Pentateuch. If Mr. Binns feels obliged to acquaint your readers with his views on the relations between faith and science on the basis of the experiences and studies of these three eminent Catholics and scholars, the least he can do is to study their lives and writings with care, and support his opinions with some evidence. And then he will have to write a book

rather than a letter.
Yours, etc.,
London, S.W.19 MICHAEL DE LA BEDOYERE

Chapman and Hall have now issued a new edition —the third—of Colour Cinematography, by Adrian Cornwall-Clyne, who is well known for his work on the colour film. The volume, which is profusely illustrated and costs 4 guineas, is of particular interest to photographers and workers in the film industry.

things, a number of variations on the subject of his large painting, 'Trafalgar Square', seen recently in

the Arts Council's '60

Paintings for '51' exhibi-

tion. Despite an absence

of tonal differentiation

between the various planes

that formed the background to the figures (the

pigeons exploded, the photographer writhed, and

the fountain spurted against an unbroken cur-

tain of blue), 'Trafalgar Square' was an impressive picture. Yet many of the

new paintings are still more successful, partly, I

because

think,

## Round the London Art Galleries

#### By PATRICK HERON

S. Haile, who was killed in a motor accident in 1948 at the early age of thirty-eight, was distinguished both as a potter and a painter. His best pictures are surrealist: his best pots created a new situation in contemporary English pottery—they were the first modern pots which bore any relation to contemporary painting. Pots and paintings are now seen together in the memorial exhibition at the Crafts Centre, in Hay Hill. Both are extremely

impressive, the only exception being four watercolour landscapes done in a style that is remote either from the writhing, hallucinatory images that adorn his pottery, or the tight, wiry drawing of his fantasies in surrealist gouache. Sam Haile was once a pupil of Staite Murray, and the energetic, slightly harsh outlines of his tall vases and massive jars echo to some extent the sculptural, architectural approach to ceramic form of that famous artist. Like Murray's, Haile's pots have a carved aspect. Their silhouettes define, so to speak, a slow, static ripple: the succession of planes which the outline traces are articulated separately rather than merged into that more continuously curving, more lyrical outline which is so typical of our most distinguished living potter, Bernard Leach.

Leach, Murray, Michael Cardew—it is strange that the flourishing new tradition they have created has drawn hardly at all upon contemporary sources for inspiration: its aesthetic is an amalgam of medieval English earthenware, English slipware, and Corean, Chinese, and Japanese pottery of various periods. So far as the forms of his pots are concerned, Haile did not depart far from this tradition. What was new was his decoration: and in this he was a most startling innovator. Ten years and more before Picasso began to design and to decorate pots at Vallauris, Haile was creating his essentially contemporary idiom in pot decoration, in which an extremely energetic linear inventiveness resulted in dancing nudes with bird-like heads being strung round the belly of an angular jar or spilt round the inside curves of a bowl. Ideographic in quality, Haile's images are cast in terms of a nervous, vital, stringy line and they are employed as interchangeable units of design. Eyes; leaves; a group of purely abstract concentric rings; a figure with square breasts, fin-like hands and feet, eyes in its ears or, alternatively, a face-profile superimposed on a circle for its head, balanced on a single stalk, for neck-such are the images (the repertory is much larger, in fact) that Haile traced in thin lines of slip; or engraved; or drew with a brush. If we seek their pedigree, ancient Mexican or Aztec carvings, primitive cave and rock paintings, as well as the more calligraphic moments of Klee and Braque, come

The organisers of this exhibition have had special difficulties to contend with: many of Haile's best pots are in America; many were destroyed in the car in which he was killed. If there is any criticism of what we see here it is this: we sometimes have the feeling (but not

often, admittedly) that the decoration is more powerful than the pot that carries it. Just occasionally these marvellously original, economical and lucid drawings seem to ride over the glazed surfaces instead of emerging out of them, as the veins in marble emerge at the surface of a block. But had he lived, this alert and vital artist would surely have deprived us even more consistently of this meagre cause for complaint.

At the Redfern Gallery Ceri Richards is showing, amongst other



Examples of T. S. Haile's pottery, from the memorial exhibition at the Crafts Centre, Hay Hill

Richards has done away with that single plane in one colour for his background. His problem was always how best to link his groups of contorted figures — or objects — in the foreground to the flatter, calmer areas of the background. By subdividing those areas into large flat planes, differing in colour and tone (the shapes sunlight and shadow make on floors and pavements have sometimes suggested such large planes), Ceri Richards not only ties his figures more securely into the picture-space; he also begins to achieve that sense of spatial recession which he has so far not even attempted. But his aim is still the maximum of light with the minimum of space.

I am not suggesting that Ceri Richards is incapable of organising in depth: the particular species of space, so to call it, with which he has been concerned has not required much recession. His brilliant flat washes have, by reason of their juxtaposition as well as their inherent luminosity, immediately set up the vibration which is light. In this respect the impact, upon entering the room at the Redfern, is electric. He has required no more 'space' than will wrap round his figures, cushioning one from the next, with a little air. Yet, if physical space is restricted in a brilliant picture like 'Sunlight' (number 8), might not the extreme spaciousness we experience in it be categorised 'metaphysical'?

At the same Gallery Denis Mathews' landscapes, colourful and gentle—one might say, 'gaily subdued'—have echoes of Maurice Denis and the Gauguin of the Breton landscapes. A more exuberant colourist is Breon O'Casey, one of 'Six Young Contemporaries', an excellent annual show at Gimpel Fils of works by students. This time O'Casey and Norman Adams are the outstanding pair in a good group. O'Casey's Bonnardian 'Portrait of Irene' is exciting for its atmospheric colour: Adams' very different thick grey pigment alternates always between the sharpnesses of a stylistic cubist-expressionism and a more ragged, Rouaultesque series of gestures.

## The Listener's Book Chronicle

Blake's Hayley: the Life, Works and Friendships of William Hayley

By Morchard Bishop. Gollanez. 25s. WILLIAM HAYLEY was bad enough poet to be offered the laureateship in 1790. He was modest, or staunch Whig, enough to refuse. A worse poet, Pye, got it. Mr. Bishop makes no attempt to rehabilitate Hayley's literary reputation. If he approves of his Life of Cowper, it is because that consists largely of Cowper's own letters. His long, leisurely, and often fascinating book presents Hayley the man. At the end one is very sorry for him but has had enough of him. He was somehow queer. His active benevolence was almost a profession and was certainly a need of his nature. Blake called it 'officious brotherhood'. He could write in the most high-flown Dickensian language to people he had never met and beg them to be his friends, and get away with it. For many years he was very hospitable. Romney came to his Sussex home every autumn for twenty years. Cowper and Mrs. Unwin came. He was the kindest of hosts. He was devoted to his talented natural son who died at nineteen. Most of his friends he kept till they died, when he wrote their epitaphs. Yet only three were at continuous close quarters with him for years—his two wives and Blake. All three found it too

He was Blake's Hayley for less than six years during three of which Blake lived within 200 yards of him at Felpham as his protégé and companion. Hayley brought him to Felpham ostensibly to do illustrations for him, but really because at the time he was badly in need of a friend and companion who could be the object of his benevolence. He overdid it, and Hayley, the 'corporeal friend' who was a 'spiritual enemy', has had a fame he never expected. Hence Mr. Bishop's book, which is not misnamed, for it would not have been written but for Blake. He does not attempt to go deeply into Blake's mind on the matter, given in the Satan-Palamabron myth in Milton, nor does he attempt, as Blake does in Milton, a psychoanalysis of Hayley. But he does give the most admirably clear and correct account of the outer facts, including dates, ever given. The study of Blake is permanently indebted to him. The single mistake, describing Henry Howard's illness and busyness as Blake's (pages 248, 262), only emphasises the general excellence: and he probably underestimates Blake's danger at the sedition trial.

If only the 'cases' did not obtrude too often (every writer ought to know Q's Interlude on Jargon), one might call this a perfectly written book. The skill with which Mr. Bishop organises the masses of his material is remarkable, and he never loses the reader's interest. Hayley's Memoirs provide the basis, but a long list of printed sources and of British Museum MSS. shows the scope of the author's researches. It is a pity, since no one else will attempt the job Mr. Bishop has done so well, that he did not, for completeness, also use the very considerable correspondence preserved in the Cowper Museum at Olney. Wright's Life of Blake used only some of it, but from that book one can supplement Mr. Bishop's hints of Hayley the philanderer. One would also like to know just what suit the second Mrs. Hayley brought against her husband in Doctors' Commons. The record must be available.

What a reversal from Hayley's 'our good Blake' to 'Blake's Hayley'! Hayley not only

meant well but did well—and had constant bad luck. He might easily have chosen to befriend a tamer engraver, not a genius who had to go away and risk starvation lest his patron should murder his Imagination.

Spotting British Birds. By S. Vere Benson. Warne. 17s. 6d. The Goshawk. By T. H. White.

Cape. 10s. 6d.

As becomes a work by the Honorary Secretary of the Bird Lovers' League, Miss Benson's book is so patently a labour of love that it is hateful to have to report even a little of her love's labour lost. Designed primarily 'to assist new birdwatchers to identify our own familiar birds of garden and countryside', it has (austeritatis causa?) but one colour-plate—of the scarcely familiar Red-Throated Diver!-a mere thirtytwo photographs and innumerable pen-and-ink sketches by the authoress, which are as revealing as pen-and-ink sketches of birds can be, but not nearly revealing enough to make identification easy for the raw recruit. (The seascape containing five species of Tern is more confusing than revelatory.) The recruit is therefore driven to the tricky expedient of supplementing the sketches with colour and detail gleaned from a text which is for the most part chattily informative but which occasionally lets him down. (The only immediately discernible difference between Marsh Tit and Willow Tit, for example, is vocal. The fact is not mentioned.)

Far more confusing is Miss Benson's arbitrary classification of our birds into chapters headed 'Birds of the Garden', 'Some Well-Distributed and Local Birds' (a curious juxtaposition, where 'local' means 'confined to certain localities'), 'Birds of the Woods', 'Birds of Trees and Coppices', 'Summer Visitors', 'Winter Visitors', etc. One smells chaos, and finds it. A Goldcrest certainly appears in gardens, but is far more likely to be found in woods-or among trees and coppices. A Willow Warbler is a summer visitor but is listed here as a bird of the woods. A Hobby is a bird of the woods but is listed as a summer visitor. This method of classification also splits up such families as buntings, warblers and pipits, whose members can best be identified if they and their often slight variations are reviewed en bloc. Finally, the information on each species is presented so unsystematically that the authoress sometimes accidentally omits even those facts about a bird which are of prime importance for its identification-e.g. no habitat for the Dartford Warbler.

The book's great virtues are its enthusiasm, its affection, and its insistence on personal observation rather than adherence to transmitted fallacy (like the legend that a rook's gloss is purple all over). But it is possible to combine all these things with proper ornithological classification, systematic information and even colour-plates. Indeed Miss Benson has previously done so—in The Observer's Book of British Birds, which remains the best bird pocket-book for amateurs (beginners included) that has ever been written.

If Mr. White had loved birds in Miss Benson's way, his account of how he trained a wild goshawk to the glove could never have been written, for the episode would not have taken place. The sport of falconry, apart from being one expensive way of keeping small birds off aerodrome runways, has had no shred of justification since the invention of the shotgun. Even the expert austringer would find it hard to de-

fend himself against charges of cruelty; and Mr. White, by his own confession, was no expert. There was not a day or night in this sleepless battle between hawk and master, when the bird did not 'bate' from the glove at least once and at most fifty times:

Bated . . . It meant the headlong dive of rage and terror, by which a leashed hawk leaps from the fist in a wild bid for freedom, and hangs upside down by his jesses in a flutry of pinions like a chicken being decapitated, revolving, struggling, in danger of damaging his primaries.

The book is a savage rondo of such recurring scenes; and the author of that lovely work, The Sword in the Stone, writes of them with relish.

Abu Geili. By O. G. S. Crawford and Frank Addison.

Saqadi and Dar el Mek

By Frank Addison

The Wellcome Excavations in the Sudan. Vol. III. Oxford. £2 10s.

Readers of THE LISTENER will remember the publication in the autumn of 1949 of Vols. I and II of this series, which gave an account of the late Sir Henry Wellcome's excavation at Jebel Moya in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan in the years before the first world war. The present volume completes the record, except for the study of the human remains from these sites, giving an account of subsidiary excavations at two neighbouring hills Saqadi and Dar el Mek, and at Abu Geili on the east bank of the Blue Nile just downstream of Sennar. At Jebel Moya, while the main period was that when the kingdom of Cush with its capital at Napata near the Fourth Cataract gave Egypt its 25th Dynasty, the archaeological record was much complicated by a multiplicity of occupations and buryings. No such complications affected the sites now described; and though the sites were smaller and the excavations interrupted by the outbreak of war, the results are of greater value. because the picture they present is limned in surer outline.

Abu Geili was an occupation site on the river bank, half of which had been removed by Blue Nile floods. No doubt the earliest part, being nearest to the river, suffered most. From it only a few pits in which occurred rare Napatan amulets survived. Above the pits and taking no notice of them was a warren of small mud-brick rooms, in which the number of floors showed that the occupation had been a long one. Associated with these rooms were single-barbed iron arrowheads, archers' stone thumb-rings and other objects which can be dated fairly confidently to the first or second centuries A.D. and a Roman glass vessel which is dated c. A.D. 200, was found with two floors above it. Thus the pottery associated with these floors, the most typical being black polished ware decorated with impressions filled with red or more rarely with yellow, can be accepted as typical of this period on the Blue Nile.

With the heavy rainfall of the central Sudan the mud-brick buildings must have soon disappeared into a mud mound, which was continually being flattened by wind and rain. While still a metre or more higher than it is now, the grave of two children was dug into the ruins of a house. The pottery and beads in the grave are all in the Meroitic tradition, but it cannot yet be dated exactly. While probably c. A.D. 300 it may be two or three centuries later.

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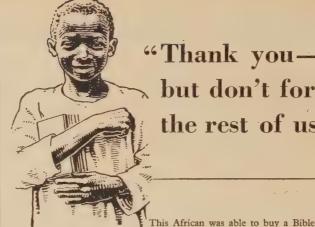
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More than a thousand years later the mound was used as a cemetery by people who buried their dead extended, head to south or southwest, frequently covering the head with a large flat-bottomed bowl of black incised ware and sometimes burying with them other objects including a vessel of probably sixteenth- or seventeenth-century Persian glass. Two contemporary coins were found in the same area, though not definitely in graves, and the excavator reasonably concludes that the cemetery dates from the time of the Fung kings who established their capital at neighbouring Sennar early in the sixteenth century. This is thus the first pottery that can be confidently attributed to the Fung.

Similar. Fung pottery including large coarse red pots—no doubt everyday ware not placed in graves—came from the later of two occupation levels at Dar el Mek, where on a rocky ridge round stone huts and two-roomed rectangular houses had been built on artificial terraces. The earlier levels produced pottery suggestive of the end of the Kingdom of Meroe, a time of insecurity, as was some of the Fung period, no doubt explaining the defensive position of the village.

Oval depressions in granite boulders near the houses were not magico-religious, as is suggested, but were of course used for grinding grain, and when too deep for that, for pounding linseed for oil, as they still are today in parts of the Nuba Mountains.

Saqadi is a striking granite hill some miles north of Jebel Moya. At its south-east corner was a low mound in which were found the foundation courses of a rectangular red-brick building enclosed by a rough stone wall. The excavation was not carried far enough to establish the purpose of the building, but from finds such as single-barbed iron arrowheads, archer's stone thumb rings and some potsherds it is probable that it is of Meroitic date, while a few crosses of iron suggest that the ruins may have been still in use in the Christian period. The bricks will probably be found one day to have been taken for the domed tombs of medieval Moslem saints which dot the landscape to the north-east. There was no trace of 'Fung' pottery at Saqadi.

Serious students will again deplore the absence of an index. Apart from that it is a fine volume which will be most welcome to Sudan archaeologists. Mr. Addison is to be congratulated on having brought his difficult task to a successful conclusion, and on having found the distinguished editor of Antiquity to help him with the publication of Abu Geili, incidentally Mr. Crawford's first excavation. For the very low price and, indeed, for the whole series much gratitude is due to the Wellcome Trustees.

#### The Shell and the Ear

#### By Jules Supervielle. Lotus Press. 3s.

The latest publication from the enterprising little Lotus Press is the first volume of Jules Supervielle's poems to appear in English. Here twelve representative poems are selected from the poet's work, and printed in French with an English translation by Marjorie Boulton. The book is very pleasantly produced with a cover design by Gerald Robinson.

The translations themselves are workmanlike and efficient, and at times successfully recapture the haunted quality of Supervielle's work, whose aim has always seemed to saisir l'insaisissable. There are unfortunately one or two lapses, when the unseizable seems to have come all too readily to the translator's hand. For example, the last line of 'Pour un Poète Mort,' which runs, (inimitably, it is true)

Lui qui est sans un chien ni personne Miss Boulton has translated as:

he who has No dog, no crony, any more,

in which the unnecessary word 'crony' brings us down with a bump into England, out of a region that might have been the land of poetry itself. Could not Miss Boulton have retained the wistfulness of that *ni personne*, and at the same time kept nearer to the original, by translating the line quite simply:

He who has no dog, or anyone

And occasionally there is a tendency to wordiness which destroys the freshness of a line. In 'Le Coquillage et l'Oreille', for example, the last lovely lines

Cependant que l'océan Toujours change de pelage

are rendered, rather unpleasantly, by:

While ocean with its wrinkled skin Continually moults its fur.

But Miss Boulton has been completely successful in anglicising that difficult poem, 'A Moineme Quand Je serai Posthume', and that alone would make this little book worth having.

#### A Mirror for Princes. Translated from the Persian by Reuben Levy. Cresset Press. 15s.

The title is perhaps misleading; there is nothing princely about this medieval father's advice to his son. But indeed, had Kai Ka'us ibn Iskandar lived in Britain or America in the twentieth century, instead of ruling over a small Persian province in the eleventh, he would have been a successful business magnate, with a domain reckoned in offices and factories rather than in towns and villages.

The Qabus-nama, to give it its Persian title, was completed in A.D. 1082, when the author was sixty-three years of age. To keep to our analogy, the state of his world was not unfike that of the competitive business world of the present century, with spectacular rises from office-boy to chairman, and with fortunes made and lost with equal ease. In fact the son for whom these words of counsel were written proved to be the last of his line, being dispossessed eight years later by the Old Man of the Mountains, Hasan Sabbah.

It is against this stormy background that Kai Ka'us' sage words must be read. There is some talk of religion and philosophy in the book, but he is not really interested in instilling the finer feelings, and much of what he writes under this heading is secondhand and trite. On the much more important topic of how to keep one's head above water in political (and economic) blizzards he has plenty to say.

It all seems vaguely familiar. Act righteously, but be practical about it. If you can manage to abstain from drinking, for instance, 'you will not only win divine favour, but also be saved public disapprobation. . . . Moreover there will be great saving to your economy'. However 'if you wish to commit a transgression, it should at least not be a flavourless one . . . even though you may be convicted of sin in the next world, you will at any rate not be branded a fool in this'. The old man evidently feels strongly about this last point, for he constantly reverts to it. Keep your own counsel, he says in effect; put up a good front. When buying a house, choose honourable neighbours; and don't forget to keep up your subscriptions to the mosque. Be a good mixer, especially in the right company. But keep aloof from the common people, and anyone who might reflect discredit on you. In this connection it is quite permissible to take advantage of fools and knaves, and to benefit from the mistakes and sins of others.

There is something of Morier's Hajji Baba in all this—and still more of Sinclair Lewis' Babbitt. Even the author's advice to kings recommends the cautious diplomacy of a William

of Orange rather than the awe-inspiring majesty of a Cyrus or Darius. But clearly he is happiest when writing of more mundane occupations. He has a real fellow-feeling for the merchant, the musician and the secretary, no doubt as much a reflection of his democratic outlook as of the disturbed state of the times and his anxiety for his son's future prospects.

Professor Levy has brought scholarship and wit to a translation that brings out the dry humour and engaging frankness of the original. It is certainly surprising that this work has never been translated into English before.

#### Man or Matter

#### By Dr. Ernst Lehrs. Faber. 30s.

Any reader of this book who has had an orthodox training in modern science will have to exercise considerable patience and open-mindedness, if he is to understand or even to tolerate what Dr. Lehrs has to say. The author is taking so different a view of man and matter from that which passes current in the world of modern thought, that if we are to accept, or even partly accept, his teaching, we are compelled to jettison many firmly established beliefs, which we are accustomed to think of as the results of true scientific investigation. The whole structure of Newton's physics, of Darwinian evolution and much besides are here regarded as a kind of tragic malady of our time, a destined disease which mankind has to suffer, to which he may altogether succumb, but from which he may, if his consciousness can make sufficient growth, recover. This disease is what Dr. Lehrs calls 'a colour-blind, one-eyed, onlooker viewpoint'. It is a stage in man's evolution. as measles is a stage in the growth of a young child. Something can be gained from it, but if it is not transcended, life itself may be lost. He points to the present tensions in human affairs as symptoms of this malady, and he suggests a therapy.

Against the orthodox, mechanistic view of life and the universe, the restricted field of measurement and pointer-readings, he sets the Goethean interpretation of nature, and its elaboration and interpretation by Dr. Rudolf Steiner, He reviews the orthodox scientific outlook of our time in its widest implications, and sees the pattern of its thought as an illusion produced by an inhibited consciousness. In calling it illusion he does not cast any reflection on those who take part in, or who have taken part in its production, nor does he suggest that illusion could have been avoided. He says it is something that man has been allowed to create, because only by the active overcoming of it will he be able to fulfil his destiny as bearer of truth in freedom. Illusion in this sense he calls tragic, namely, something which could not be avoided; as tragedy it must be accepted, but it would be catastrophe if man were not able to overcome it.

To the Goethean approach to nature together with the Steiner interpretation he adds his own considerable contribution. In place of the intellectual, spectator-scrutiny of modern science he offers a full, sense-impression participation in natural processes. Boldly and without any beating about the bush he states his revolutionary doctrine, and follows this initial statement with an exposition of Goethe's poetic-scientific approach, and collects, as he proceeds on his way, the thoughts of other philosophers and scientists and poets who have shared in the Goethean view. His range is as wide as it is bold; electricity, magnetism, mineralogy, geology, biology, dynamics and kinetics, chemistry, crystallography, radiant-matter and optics, all come within the large argument of this book.

The author's treatment of his thesis will probably provoke, in some readers, considerable antagonism; they will feel that he skates too lightly

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#### A

## FOURTH SURVEY OF

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by

## THE TIMES

As autumn puts on its 'visionary tints', the thoughts of the gardener turn to work for the winter and plans for the spring. Gardeners and the gardening public generally will welcome the publication, on September 18, of another Special Survey of Gardening by The Times. Leading horticultural authorities offer instruction and advice on winter flowering plants; rose pruning; soft fruits; vegetable difficulties; greenhouse heating by electricity; plants for walls; and bulbs for spring and summer. Of immediate seasonal interest are articles on autumn colour and chrysanthemums, while ideas for winter meditation will be found in an article reviewing recent books on various aspects of gardening.

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over abysses, and will be tempted to dismiss the whole pattern as fantastic. Yet to honest scrutiny the pattern of his argument emerges as a rational structure, most patiently and clearly presented. The reader who has the courage and perseverance to read to the end will find that it is demanded of him to achieve, in his contemplation of every branch of science, a growth in his own consciousness, that will recognise the reality of a spiritual activity, determining and shining through all phenomena. By spiritual, Dr. Lehrs postulates something far more definite than what is usually attributed to the rather vague use of the word. He means spiritual-beings, existences, that work in all things, illuminating, for those who can perceive, the sense-apprehended world. These existences give colour to the tapestry of the senses. In

them lies the *reality*, which by men is apprehended as states of consciousness.

This is a courageous and sincere book, and, whether we find ourselves in agreement or not, we are forced to recognise that Dr. Lehrs, in spite of, or because of, his surprising and unorthodox views, is one who takes seriously the saying: 'God is spirit, and those who worship him must worship in spirit and in truth'

## **New Novels**

The Man on the Pier. By Julia Strachey. Lehmann. 10s. 6d.

The Cruel Sea. By Nicholas Monsarrat. Cassell. 12s. 6d.

The End of the Affair. By Graham Greene. Heinemann. 10s. 6d.

HESE three books, though all indisputably novels, have nothing in common. They illustrate, in fact, the perpetual flexibility of the novel which, after several centuries of busy cultivation, is still the most accommodating of literary forms. It is, indeed, to some commodious piece of hand-luggage that it can most aprly be likened—rarely, alas, a Revelation, but a sturdy old Gladstone bag, in which the most varied effects (a basket of wood strawberries, a set of surgical forceps, and the accounts of a bankrupt ironmonger) can be carried without incongruity.

Which, among the books under review, is the strawberries, which the forceps, and which the sad unbalance-sheet, I shall leave the reader to decide. But certainly the three volumes proffer the most arresting of contrasts. A plain-spoken narrative of anti-submarine operations in the Western Approaches, an idiosyncratic account of a momentary love-affair among English intellectuals, and the shortest and least successful of Mr. Graham Greene's sorties against ordinary corrupt human love'—no trio could be odder. Mr. Monsarrat commands our respect by his lengthy, scrupulous, expert and impassioned exposure of one of the least-known aspects of war; Miss Strachey has written a book of which no single sentence could be the work of any other author; and Mr. Greene's failureif I am right in gauging it to be one-must profit, at the lowest, by the after-glow of his earlier novels.

The atomic submarine may render the struggles of 1939-45 as archaic as the Lee-Enfield or the Zeppelin; but, even if this should turn out to be so, Mr. Monsarrat's narrative will still stand with Burgoyne's memoirs and The Red Badge of Courage as one of the gravest and most truthful examinations of war. In contrast to such admirably under-written volumes as Mr. Mallalieu's Very Ordinary Seaman and Mr. Harling's Steep Atlantik Stream, The Cruel Sea attempts magniloquence when the circumstances seem to Mr. Monsarrat to require it. Mostly, however, he tacks along with a heavy keel of professional detail. In fact, even a reader who had never seen the sea would finish his book with a working knowledge of what it means to man, command, and fight a small warship in the most difficult, wearing, and hazardous of conditions. He will also know what it feels like to watch other ships being sunk, and eventually to be sunk oneself.

All this Mr. Monsarrat explains in the precisest and most lucid way. Awe, relief, gratitude and admiration are the feelings with which one closes his book. But they are directed rather towards Mr. Monsarrat's originals, and perhaps towards Mr. Monsarrat the R.N.V.R. officer, than towards Mr. Monsarrat the novelist. In most novels, the intrigue is trivial; but The Cruel Sea is concerned with conditions in which

human nature is stretched and ennobled (sometimes, too, stretched and diminished) beyond its normal limits. The facts alone-and Mr. Monsarrat, proves himself a master at the assemblage of facts—command our respect; but as a command of respect, but I cannot say that Mr. Monsarrat promises to develop into one of our most engrossing observers of civilian life. On dry land his touch is uncertain and his incidents come straight from stock; but when the convovs put out from Liverpool or the Clyde both book and subject close up for action. The Cruel Sea has so many memorable scenes that it with hesitation that I single out the remarkable interlude towards the end of the book in which Mr. Monsarrat details a series of out-of-the-way incidents in the working life of the corvette. One would have to be very bold, or very insensitive, to read these without a shudder.

Miss Julia Strachey's Cheerful Weather for the Wedding (recently reprinted by John Lehmann) is one of the most delightful and least predictable books of the last twenty years. Her admirers have waited with mannerly impatience for its successor, and I do not think that The Man on the Pier will disappoint them. Miss Strachey's equipment is quite special to herself. On a diminutive scale her books are triumphs of truth, campaigns of anti-cant, unevasive cries of astonishment at the real nature of the world. In dialogue, her characters employ a curious mode of speech, now rambling, now declamatory, now decisively abrupt. In narrative she operates behind an apparent inconsequence a readiness to pursue images to their farthest conclusion, a taste for archaic idiom, and a gift for the invention of symbolic incidents in which the action is pointed up, if never actually 'explained', by dotty terriers, spidercloth in a neglected Adam fireplace, kittens outside a woodpile, or a strange old man glimpsed inopportunely on a pier. Not for her, it might seem, the management of huge scènes à faire, the concision of the custom-built plot, or the bold encompassment of Universal Themes. In point of fact, however, the book is beautifully put together, the oblique lovescenes and the final renunciation are genuinely poignant, and very gently, with the lightest of scalpels, Miss Strachey touches in the milieu of her characters, and the slant and temper of their opinions; the occasional arguments, moreover, call up a world of ideas in which few novelists are at ease. Her characters talk like nobody else's, and yet she imposes their outbursts as the most natural of utterances. Here is one of her young men, at breakfast-time:

'A man is like Wordsworth's "Stationary blast of waterfalls". From the distance only this motionless white thread in its niche in the scenery—apparently harmless enough. Even turning a mill-wheel perhaps'. Ned paused; and continued sadly, 'Yet put your ear to the ground and (if you are a Red Indian) you will become aware

of a murderous cataract of violences quaking the land for miles around. There you have your waterfall—and your happy man'.

And here is one of Miss Strachey's most typical apparitions: he intrudes at one of the most painful moments of a book which, though almost continuously comic, is also truly and originally sad. 'The head of an elderly man appeared rising up the steps to the upper deck. When he had arrived, he turned out to be a mammoth sort of walrus, with bloodshot eyes and uncomfortably mottled skin; however, after looking round, he turned and clambered down again'.

The point of The Man on the Pier is that everything in it is seen as if for the first time. Mr. Graham Greene's experience and accomplishment, on the other hand, are such that he can write a short novel like The End of the Affair without really seeing anything. Like all Mr. Greene's books, it is written against life, rather than about it. A sceptical, partly-successful novelist, planning a book about the Civil Service, falls involuntarily in love with the wife of an Assistant Secretary. The little affair (worked out in characteristic discomfort in the maisons de passe of Paddington, and on the hardwood floor of the Assistant Secretary's drawing-room) is attended from the first by 'a sense of sadness and resignation'; but when it peters out, the novelist (like the husband, as later appears) is profoundly, unhappily curious as to what, or who, has taken his place. With the help of a private detective they discover that the wife makes regular visits during the culpable hours of afternoon to a certain house not far from her own.

Now comes the twist: for this dilapidated villa, the repository of 'the best rationalist library in South London', is the home of a disfigured fanatic whose object in life is to release others from the trammels of religious belief, and nothing could be more innocent, in the eyes of the Divorce Courts, than the visits of the preoccupied wife. Later, after her death, they discover from her diary that her libertinage had been carried on in the unsuspected context of grave spiritual conflict; and in the end, when husband and lover decide to keep house together in a sort of sad compact of failure, the novelist finds that he, too, is obsessed by the problems outlined in his mistress' journal. Mr. Greene has constructed the book with his habitual skill; but, like most novels by members of the Roman Catholic commando, it strikes the profane reader as unreal, insensitive, and too openly schematic to give any impression of the immediacy and unex-pectedness of 'ordinary corrupt' human

JOHN RUSSELL

[New novels are now being reviewed by a number of critics in turn. On September 27 Mr. Simon Raven takes over from Mr. John Russell]

## CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent critics

#### TELEVISION

#### Counter Thrust

TRUE, LAST SATURDAY EVENING'S rush to be 'on television' at the National Radió Show did not make elegant viewing. Nor was it explicitly interesting except to watching connections of those visitors who unexpectedly found themselves given the freedom of the microphone. That it warranted solemn condemnation in a respected Sunday newspaper as 'the newest form of exhibitionism' is another point entirely. A sense of proportion issues the reminder that for every pushful person in a crowd there are a hundred of the anything-but type who would not dream of seeking public prominence, however fleeting. The thrusters, to be sure, are always with us. It was clear from their demeanour that most of those caught in Saturday evening's mêlée at Earl's Court were there in a good-humoured have-a-go spirit rather than as pugnacious selfseekers. Behind them, otherwise preoccupied, filed the throngs who make up the modest great majority, and who do not need even Arthur Askey's fingerstall as a symbol of their preference for the back seats. Besides, this was a trade exhibition, planned, as all such affairs must be, to heighten consumer consciousness. The rapt attention of first-time viewers in Television Avenue left no doubt that the process was being successfully accomplished. The televised London to Brighton in Five Minutes' film held many of them spellbound.

Would a run-through of 'In The News', newly returned to our screens after a holiday, have achieved the same spectacular fixation of attention? That the programme might gain from its rest was probably too much to expect. Nor has it done so. W. J. Brown still grins at the camera as if he is more aware of us than he has any business to be. The effect is to impart a jarring synthetic note to the programme which its producer, John Irwin, should and doubtless does deplore. A. J. P. Taylor, persisting in his begrudging mood, prompts the reflection that if the universities would yield up their best brains to television debate, 'In The News' would be

seen more clearly for what it is, an intellectual knockabout show, more beguiling to those who have no intellect to speak of than to anyone else. Lord Hailsham's apoplectic sincerity is in refreshing contrast to, say, J. B. Hynd's low blood-pressure factualness, but there are moments when it strikes one as a sort of emotional museum-piece, an echo of the days before politics was degraded into a profession.

The first 'In the News' programme of this season was followed by 'Camp Fire', in which we saw a thousand or so Boy Scouts of the International Patrol Camp in Epping Forest gathered for the final ritual of



song and dance from various countries. was not firstrate television, though there good were things in it, but as a demonstration of human mony it was impressive, welcome relief from the unending battle of opinions in which we had just witnessed one more inconclusive engagement. There was a unanimity of sentiment



W. P. Matthew showing the causes of some 'Accidents at Home' on September 5
Left: Clark McConachy of New Zealand (left), winner of the billiards world championship which was televised on September 5 and 8; with him is his opponent, John Barrie of Great Britain

remind us that not all wisdom is of the intellect. Yet here again the reference to our presence, as unseen spectators, had better have been avoided. The habit of acknowledging the existence of viewers should be discouraged in outside programmes. It tends to detract from the spontaneous and the natural, and the artless self-satisfaction of some lay persons in charge of these external occasions can be embarrassing.

An example of sensible behaviour in that matter was given us at the billiards world championship match. The camera moved in on it smoothly and efficiently, joining us to an audience who seemed not to know we were there with them and who, if they did, took it remarkably calmly, showing no sign of regarding it as an incident, let alone an event. As for the match itself, it inevitably had moments of near-tedium for us non-players, but we had no difficulty in calling up admiration for the unique skill of the two combatants and appreciation, also, for the good work of the camera team. Helped by Sidney Smith's extremely well modulated commentary, they probably supplied the best pictures possible from such a context. And even though we do not play the game, we know now how the champions do. It is not the least of television's merits that many of its programmes, having no strong appeal to the individual viewer, leave a residue of information and instruction that can be a useful addition to his general knowledge and conversational resources. This educational by-product of television is more potent, one feels sure, than that of sound broadcasting, considerable as that has been over the past two decades.

Bernard Miles' series, 'Your Treasures', made

Bernard Miles' series, 'Your Treasures', made a painfully slow and ineffective start. Too often, in the beginning, he seemed to be groping for something to say about the objects he had on view. The last programme, introducing the ancient plough, his well-known cartwheel, and those quaint Cotswold straw-plaiting tools, amply vindicated his talents.

Whether the studio interview with Anthony Eden on Sunday night justified the considerable build-up it received in advance, including



Ford Sterling (left) and Edgar Kennedy in the dynamite scene of 'The Band Leader', one of the old films shown in 'Echo of Applause' on September 5

the tribute of a rare boost in Home News, is a matter of opinion and perhaps, unfortunately, of prejudice. As television interviews go, it was a model affair, completely audible, concise, and ridy. The interviewer, Howard Smith, American correspondent, deserves full marks for that. He handled it with just the right touch.

REGINALD POUND

#### BROADCAST DRAMA

#### Last Words

HARDY HIMSELF might have admired Ronald Gow's attempt to dramatise the massive Tess of the D'Urbervilles. Attempt, maybe, is a grudging word: this is firm achievement. Wisely, Mr. Gow has not snipped away at the entire novel. Anyone who attempts to cover the complete Tess in an hour or so must sacrifice the book's tragic stride for a breathless hop-skip-and-jump progress. The radio version starts, as in the play, on page 279 of my pocket edition: that is, on the wedding night of Tess and Angel Clare. The exposition is managed craftily, though Mr. Gow does not succeed, any better than Hardy himself, in carrying off Angel's first scene. Once the play is fairly started, all's well. This version avoids any flurry of theatrics. The bare plot of Tess, without Hardy's prose, could have seemed as flimsy as the sagging 'old oak' set I remember on the stage of a vanished repertory theatre; but here we are persuaded (certainly a feat) that it is as solid as the pillars of Stonehenge. Shaw said once of the stage version of a popular novel that it was not a drama at all but an acted narrative. Tess is, triumphantly, a drama, and one that on the air, as in the theatre, grows in power as the end approaches. The scene in the deserted house (a house 'of regular design and large accommodation', says Hardy typically) has uncommon tenderness, and the play does not fail in the last superb moments at Stonehenge. I had not expected them to be so moving on the air.

Tess, that 'pure woman', is a part for any tragic actress to envy and to fear. It is by no means straightforward: the faith and charity can be over-simplified or over-coloured. In the Home Service broadcast Aileen Mills brought Tess up from Wessex: she might not have had Wendy Hiller's unforced truth, but she was recognisable from Hardy's page, and she could speak with perfect acceptance such a line as Something greater than us was making sport with us, I think'. Moreover, there was no dithering with dialect. Indeed, the rural speech in Olwen Reed's production was most tactfully managed: Jan Stewer looked in from Lower Wessex to add his loamiest voice to Jonathan Kail. Angel Clare remained the trouble-as he will always remain in any version. An actor might well say, 'Art thou some angel or some The man is dark with excessive bright. Donald Eccles did as well as anyone could with this strange fellow who in the novel-but not, thank Heaven, in the play-observes: 'How can forgiveness meet such a grotesque prestidigitation as that! 'We cease to worry about Angel as the drama develops. The last moments before Tess goes to her fate, and we know that the President of the Immortals, 'in Aeschylean phrase', will soon end his sport with her, magnificently held the air.

The President of the Immortals had his sport with Sir Walter Ralegh. In 'The Long Ending' (Home), H. A. L. Craig brought Ralegh to trial, imprisonment, and death in a script sensitively prepared, though we were bumped on the stones now and then in such phrases as 'He had an easy lagging of it' and 'The Houdini of gold'. On the other side, there was such a good line as 'The swordfish story of Drake is over'. Nothing became Walter Ralegh like his end: the programme would have been worth its hour for the sound of Robert Harris' noble voice as he spoke

'Even such is time . . .' There were other pleasures. Hugh Griffith had a spearing thrust as Coke, 'Mr. Attorney', who in that unjust trial at Winchester has lines fit for any anthology of invective. John Le Mesurier summoned easily a 'kind old fool', the Governor of the Tower. Still, Robert Harris commanded the evening, whether in his battle with Coke, enduring the Tower's 'scrutiny of stone', or speaking on a chill October day from the scaffold at Westminster. R. D. Smith's production, with an allmale cast, was admirably balanced.

We met Mr. Harris again in a radio version of Benn Levy's play, 'Return to Tyassi' (Home), in which none of the living people is so interesting as a dead man who was turned into a grimlegend. There was an understanding cast and production; everything was done for our comfort; and yet I was happier to return to Tess.

J. C. TREWIN

#### THE SPOKEN WORD

#### Old Stagers

FROM TIME TO TIME I realise that in my weekly listening and reporting I have been spending my time, like the Athenians of St. Paul's day, 'in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing'. For weeks and months at a stretch old acquaintance is forgot, the old regulars are left to stew in their own juice. Resolved to mend my ways I switch them on and my reward, as often as not, is the humiliating discovery that they have been getting along quite well without me. Can it be, I ask myself, that the timely warning, the kindly but magisterial rebuke, the patronising pat on the back actually produce no effect whatsoever, that the notable and prompt improvement which has so often been the evident result of my advice has been nothing more than coincidence? 'The Critics' for instance! How comes it that they were in such grand form last week when I had ignored them for so long? They talked and argued not, as sometimes, like people aware, even if unembarrassed, of the 'devilish iron engine' on the table, but with ease, liveliness, intelligence, and the uncompromising disagreements of intimate conversation.

In discussions of this kind, which are concerned almost entirely with art criticism in the broadest sense, disagreement does not, strangely enough, leave the listener floundering: on the contrary, the more the critics disagree and the less clear-cut the conclusion reached, the clearer is the impression given of the book, broadcast, play, etc. The listener is left with the pros and cons before him and so is able to make a shrewd guess at his or her own probable reactions to the object under discussion. I noted, too, another interesting point. When they discussed David Abercrombie's broadcast on 'Local Accent', which I also had heard and enjoyed, they did so in an R.P. (Received Pronunciation) markedly different from the one that prevailed when I was what I suppose to be their average age. An enquiry into why and how quickly R.P. changes would be highly interesting. Some of the other old stagers are at present out to grass, but an unfavoured few are still laboriously talking themselves out of this, and twenty questions are pertinaciously asked and answered in defiance of the season.

I found 'Talk Yourself Out of This' unchanged since my last encounter with it manymonths ago. It has how reached an age which testifies to its popularity and this may perhaps be helped by the fact that it provides three entertainments in one, any one of which may carry it along when the others flag. The first is the three or four dramatic fragments in which the hero or heroine is left in a seemingly hopeless fix brought about by his or her apparent duplicity; the second, the chosen Victim's attempt, in the

role of hero or heroine, to justify or explain away his duplicity; and the third, the battery of cross-questioning with which the team of Inquisitors tries to discredit the Victim's efforts. After each round a small audience assesses the Victim's success or failure.

This is not, nor is it intended to be, a highbrow entertainment. To enjoy it as a whole the listener must have his wits about him, but he must not be too quick-witted. Without undue boasting I may confess that my wits are just the least little bit too quick to allow me to perceive a diabolical ingenuity in any of the Victims or a deadly penetration in the Inquisitors' cross-questioning But the dramatic fragments. some excellent, others so-so as of old, are always excellently acted and the show as a whole goes with an infectious, if facile, gusto. 'Twenty Questions' is a simpler and less ambitious show and last week I found it at the top of its form, its old gaiety unimpaired, and Anona Winn and Jack Train executing their short-circuit acts with their customary agility. As for me, I took the same childlike delight in it as heretofore.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

#### **BROADCAST MUSIC**

#### New York, London, and Worcester

PREOCCUPATION last week with what I fear readers of this column will be calling 'King Charles' head', prevented my referring to the several broadcasts of the New York Orchestra's programmes from Edinburgh. I confess that the more I heard of this 'extremely efficient band, the less I got to like it. There was something hard and almost aggressive in its tone. It had a surface like one of these new, bright, shiny substitutes for paint, which may be easy to apply but haven't the texture and pleasant surface of the good old three coats. On this highly polished surface any blemish showed up with disproportionate effect—those pizzicatos from the lower strings, for instance, in the slow movement of Beethoven's Violin Concerto which became ragged arpeggios.

It was unfortenate—and I consider un-

imaginative-that the B.B.C. chose to broadcast of these programmes the standard classics, in which the faults of the orchestra and of one of its conductors were most evident, and to give us no opportunity of hearing how our visitors played Vaughan Williams' Fourth Symphony-a performance described by those who heard it as superb. Mr. Mitropoulos handled Beethoven's scores with a lack of sensitiveness which at times amounted to brutality, and, though both the violinist and the pianist (in the 'Emperor' Concerto) gave technically elegant and brilliant performances, neither seemed to me to have the measure of Beethoven. Mr. Francescatti's tone, especially on the upper notes, was most beautiful and his phrasing was always neat, except in the finale with which he ran away cat-andfiddle fashion. This seems to be a habit, for he rushed the finale of Brahms' Sonata in D minor, which he played with Mr. Casadesus on Sunday afternoon.

As to the 'Emperor', it was unfortunate for this performance that there was another two days later, in which Sir Malcolm Sargent, returning like a giant refreshed, obtained a far better orchestral performance from the B.B.C. Orchestra, and Dame Myra Hess surpassed the French pianist in depth of understanding if not in surface elegance and beauty of tone—though there was enough of these qualities for the work in hand. I write this in no spirit of chauvinism, but as a disappointed listener who expected something more than cast-iron efficiency from the New Yorkers.

Their rigidity did not yield even to the blandishments of Bruno Walter, who seemed unable both in Schubert's C major Symphony and Beethoven's Ninth to coax that sensuous, singing tone from the strings which was the special mark of his performances in the past with the Vienna Orchestra and even with our own orchestras. None the less, these two Ninth Symphonies were given splendid performances, to which an excellent quartet of soloists and an Edinburgh choir, which attacked its notes firmly, contributed their share.

Another choral symphony, Vaughan Williams'

First, had an excellent performance at the Proms under the direction of Sir Adrian Boult, and during the past week we have had more choral music from the Three Choirs Festival. Mr. Willcocks had got his large chorus into excellent training. There were no flabby entries in the complex choruses of 'Gerontius', and the opening of Julius Harrison's Mass in C was attacked with accuracy and spirit. This is a fine work and though the interest flags a little in the Credo, where it is always most difficult to sustain,

I regretted having to leave it half-way through in order to hear the Choral Symphony. Mr. Willcocks was less happy in his conducting of Elgar's Second Symphony, a work which taxes the resource of even the most expert conductor. There was too little elasticity in the rhythms, too much emphasis on detail, and consequently the music did not flow. The hard-working London Symphony Orchestra showed all too clearly the need of a firmer guiding hand.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

## Handel's 'Giulio Cesare'

#### By WINTON DEAN

A modern German adaptation of 'Giulio Cesare' will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 8.40 p.m. on Monday, September 17

HE listener who approaches Handel's operas with his mind coloured by the English oratorios and the later history of Italian opera-and nearly all of us do -has a considerable mental adjustment to make. He will find few points of contact with either 'Messiah' or 'La Traviata'. Written for an aristocratic audience with unlimited leisure and great singers with unlimited vanity, they are more like cantatas than stage works. The plots are at once complex and stereotyped, designed to give each singer a quota of arias commensurate with his or her professional status, and prolonged to an evening's length by arbitrarily conreversals of fortune, disguises and trived' threatened calamities. There was generally a happy end (except for the villain) and a good deal of love-making, most of it dishonourable and destined to be frustrated at the last minute by a drawn sword, and nearly all of it conducted by castrati. Dynasties topple while soprano monarchs amuse themselves in bowers, always ready (when they have completed their da capo) to rush forth and rearrange the course of history in a few snatches of secco recitative.

It is these two factors—the predominance of the castrato voice and the almost complete separation of drama from music—that most inhibit modern revival. There are various methods, none of them wholly satisfactory, for avoiding the first difficulty, but no short-circuiting of the da capo aria really meets the second. It should be remembered, too, that many of the details of performance, both vocal and instrumental, have to be supplied by conjecture. We can, however, enjoy the wealth of beautiful melody and the many felicitous touches of scoring and dramatic expressiveness. If the operas are inferior to the oratorios-and as a body they unquestionably are—the reasons are not moral, as our forefathers were apt to suppose, but artistic. If we must find a scapegoat for the fact that the total barely amounts to the sum of the parts, let it be not Handel or the Italian language but the society that preferred vocal exhibitionism to drama and a spectacular divertissement to a fully organised work of art.

'Giulio Cesare in Egitto', the sixth of Handel's operas written for the Royal Academy of Music, was produced at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket on February 20, 1724. The famous castrato Senesino, then at the height of his fame, sang the part of Caesar, with Cuzzoni as Cleopatra. The cast included no fewer than four castrati, two small bass parts and no tenor or chorus. (Modern revivals necessitate wholesale redistribution of parts.) The libretto by Nicola Haym, a typically wretched affair, deals with Caesar's adventures in Egypt after the battle of Pharsalia and the murder of Pompey at the orders of Ptolemy. The intrigues of the Ptolemies lend themselves naturally to operatic

imbroglio, and the tale of treachery, lechery, disguise, and revenge continues to uncoil until Ptolemy, having captured Cleopatra in a rather polite battle, is murdered by Pompey's son Sextus when endeavouring (not for the first time) to seduce the Roman matron Cornelia, Pompey's widow. Sextus indeed is continually turning up in Ptolemy's seraglio to defend his mother-from rape or suicide, to both of which fates she seems highly susceptible. Caesar, after a ducking in the harbour when surprised by conspirators in Cleopatra's luogo di delizie, returns in triumph to restore Egypt's lawful Queen.

The familiarity of the characters, while no doubt smoothing the way for the modern listener, only increases its incongruities: Caesar is the last historical personage whom we expect to give tongue in a mezzo-soprano voice. But the characterisation in this opera is fuller than usual, though inevitably confined to intermittent moods as expressed in single arias and not consistently developed. Cleopatra, Ptolemy, and Cornelia are all drawn with skill and subtlety. Ptolemy's feline nature appears in some expressive vocal ornament; each of his three arias is marked Allegro e staccato and accompanied only by the strings. Nearly all Cornelia's music is in slow time (four largos and an andante in the first two acts; only an allegro in Act III, when she has outlived her dramatic function). Her two arias in Act I are magnificent. The first, coloured by the lower register of the flute, is a wonderful expression of keen grief met with courage; the second, when she invokes the tomb of her murdered husband, has a sombre magnificence very characteristic of Handelian tragedy. The duet-finale in which she takes leave of her son is scarcely less moving. Her andante in Act II is accompanied by recorders, as also is the middle section of Sextus' first air, when he imagines himself addressed by the shade of his father.

Cleopatra's music is more varied. In Act I she is the sprightly butterfly; in Act II the more wilfully seductive Cleopatra of tradition, and later a simple frightened girl; in Act III the captive giving vent to her misery in those profound heart-felt strains that Handel bestowed so lavishly on humanity in distress. As with many of his central characters, he built her music round a definite tonality, the key of E major: of her eight arias, three are in this key (including the first and last), two in A major, and one in F sharp minor. When in Act II she tempts Caesar with a vision of Parnassus her aria 'V'adoro, pupille' is accompanied by two orchestras with the violins muted and one group reinforced by viola da gamba, theorbo, harps, and bassoons, Such romantic colour schemes are less rare in Handel than the modern repertory might lead us to suppose. When her dalliance with Caesar is interrupted by the conspirators, who break dramatically into the final ritornello of

Caesar's aria (Handel seized every opportunity to break up the formalism at the bidding of the drama), she has a beautiful aria ('Se pietà di me non senti') in which violin figures of varying length are tossed to and fro against a bassoon-coloured background. Her prison aria in Act III ('Piangero') is a moving lament with flute accompaniment and a middle section in sharply contrasted pace, time, and mood. Later, in a fine accompanied recitative just before her rescue, it is the oboe's turn to colour her sufferings. She emerges finally to share an amiably pastoral duet with Caesar.

It is harder for us to discover in Caesar's music the all-round manly hero evidently intended; and we may even doubt whether the notoriously craven Senesino could put across all the qualities implicit in the words. It is best to give up the attempt and frankly enjoy the part's great moments. Caesar has eight arias, two accompanied recitatives, and a duet. As befits a military conqueror he sings almost entirely in major keys and (until lightness and triple rhythm break in in the last Act) in common time. The best of his arias is 'Va tacito e nascolto' in Act 1, whose lovely, wide-ranging horn obbligato was clearly (if inappropriately) suggested by the textual reference to 'l'astuto cacciator'. Still finer are the accompanied recitatives, especially the famous 'Alma del gran Pompeo', where Caesar contemplates the ashes of his rival Pompey, and Handel not only employs the exceptional key of G sharp minor but changes the signature in the middle of a bar. The music has immense dramatic power, and suggests in an astonishing way the cold shadow of departed glory. In 'Dall'ondoso periglio' in Act III the recitative is doubly fused with the following aria: the ritornello of the latter introduces the former as well, and the middle section is itself a reversion to recitative.

In the ceremonial music Handel employed four horns. The presence of a later version with trumpet (illustrating the trumpets and drums of the text) suggests that Handel did not have those instruments available in 1724; but, as usual, he converted the limitation to sheer profit. The choruses with which the opera begins and ends are simple ensembles for the soloists. In no sense are they comparable with the great contrapuntal choruses of the oratorios; but short as they are. they represent the extreme limit of choral writing in the operas. The first forms a highly effective introduction to Act I, which is musically the finest of the three. Afterwards, the drama only occasionally flickers into life; but there is always the chance that the sufferings of a character (Cleopatra, for instance) will appeal to Handel's dramatic sympathy and unlock the store of his wonderfully fertile musical imagination.



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but for many years the most important single source of potassium minerals has been the Stassfurt deposits in Saxony, where more than one-and-a-half million tons are mined annually. Of far greater importance to Britain, however, is the discovery of extensive potash deposits in North Yorkshire. I.C.I. prospecting has recently shown that these could make Britain self-supporting in potash for at least 140 years. Potassium compounds are important in many industries. Potassium aluminium sulphate—or "alum"—is used extensively in tanning, dyeing and textile printing, and potassium carbonate in the manufacture of certain kinds of glass. Potassium chlorate is one of the chemicals used in the manufacture of fireworks and safety matches, and permanganate of potash, potassium bromide and potassium iodide are well known in medicine and photography.

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## Suggestions for the Housewife

#### CREAMED FISH PIE

THIS IS A RECIPE that makes a rather special dish with quite a homely basis—Rock Salmon in this case. For 4 people you will need:

1½ lb. of rock salmon

4 lb. of mushrooms

12 prawns

1 pint of thick white sauce short pastry to line a deep pie-dish a few nuts of hutter

salt and pepper

Line your deep pie-dish with the short pastry; prick it, weight it with stale crusts, and bake. Boil the rock salmon until it is easily removed from the bones. Meanwhile, fry the mushrooms in a little dripping or cook in a little milk. Make the sauce; beat the fish into it until it is absorbed, becoming quite creamy. Add salt and pepper.

Now arrange the cooked mushrooms on the bottom of the prepared pastry case. Fold the peeled prawns into the fish mixture and pour into the pastry case on top of the mushrooms. Dot the top with a few nuts of butter. Place in a moderate oven for 15 minutes. If preferred, either the prawns or the mushrooms can be omitted from this dish.

HECTOR LEAKE

#### MINT SAUCE IN THE WINTER

There seem to be endless variations in the methods used to preserve mint-some people pick the mint when the sun is on it, others go out at twilight, or before the sun rises-but on one thing all agree: mint should be picked when dry, and then dried again in the sun or in an oven before preserving. Here is a reliable way of

drying mint for winter use, suggested by a listener to 'Woman's Hour'.

Pick a large bunch of mint with long stems, and tie in a loose bunch. Hang in the sun, or in a clean warm place, until it is quite dry; this may take a few days. When quite dry, until and place in layers on flat tins in an oven that is only just warm (after the oven has been used and with the heat off). When quite crisp, and not until, take the leaves from the stalks and crumble very freely with the finger tips. Place inscrew-top jars.

Those who enjoy eating mint jelly through the winter may like to try the following recipe. Make a lemon jelly, using hot vinegar in place of water. To each pint of jelly, when cool but not set, add a good handful of fresh, chopped mint. Put in jars and seal in the ordinary way.

#### 'UNSTOPPING' THE KITCHEN SINK

Of course, the kitchen sink should never be allowed to become stopped up-but let us suppose the damage is done. Look under the sink and you will see that the pipe, instead of being straight, has a loop in it. That is there so that water always remains in the bottom of the loop and forms a water-seal so that you do not get bad smells from the pipe. At the lowest part of the loop there is a little brass cap which unscrews. Put a bucket underneath, unscrew the cap, and the water will run out into the bucket. You may need a spanner to do the unscrewing, or the cap may have two little lugs on it against which you can place a screwdriver to turn it. Once the cap is off you can usually clear the pipe from the hole, and one of the best things to use

is a short length of that expanding curtain wire, or you can use a thin cane. Do not ever try to clear the pipe by poking something sharp down from the sink end or you may make a hole in the soft lead of the pipe.

I began by saying that the pipe should never get stopped up. Here is the way to prevent that, Have you seen those rubber force cups? They sell them in all the household stores and they are quite cheap. They look rather like a handbell, and the bell part is made of thick rubber. Use one of these when the water seems to be running away rather sluggishly. Put the plug in the sink, run in an inch or two of water, and plug up the overflow hole with a cloth. Then, taking out the sink plug, slip the force cup over the hole and pump it vigorously up and down a few times. That will clear it.

W. P. MATTHEW

#### Some of Our Contributors

CHRISTIAN A. R. CHRISTENSEN (page 407): editor of Oslo daily newspaper, Verdens Gang, since 1945

WILLIAM FAGG (page 413): Assistant Keeper, Department of Ethnography, British Museum; Honorary Secretary, Royal Anthropological Institute, and editor of its monthly journal,

LAURIE LEE (page 418): poet, script writer for documentary films and author of The Sun My Monument, The Bloom of Candles: Verse from a Poet's Year, We Made a Film in Cyprus (with R. Keene), The Voyage of Magellan: A Dramatic Chronicle for Radio, etc.

#### Crossword No. 1,115. Alphabetical Jigsaw II. By Tyke

Prize (for the first five correct solutions opened): Book token, value 12s. 6d.

Closing date: First post on Thursday, September 20

Every light (including those of two and three letters, which are not clued) has its letters in the reverse of alphabetical order (e.g. POLKA). Apart

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				5/42			
	2						-
	10 10		-		1		

NAME			
Address	 	 	 

from the eight-letter word, no indication is given of the place of the lights in the square, which (like the unclued words) is to be deduced from the given

#### CLUES

Eight-letter word

1. Treated as a helpless child and hoaxed about a

2. This is gained by mean tricks—go and spend differently. 3. The last word in . . . Indian dragon-

Six-letter words

4. Part of 34, without the animal, provides a sweetmeat. 5. A raw recruit—but not necessarily for one of the flying Services.

Five-letter words

6. Half the soup is in the drain (the other half is much deeper). 7. Vain Scots. 8. Hurry up and turn the seas back. 9. The armed bullhead. 10. Settled in one sense but tripped about very softly. 11. A bobbin doubles back. 12. Awkward dialect word for a light row-boat. 13. Grown awry and perverse.

Four-letter words

14. The four holy books of the five Danakil tribes. 15. To be joined in slavery. 16. Spenser's declared some fish-spawn, 17. Observe the caution. 18. some fish-spawn, 17, Observe the caution, 18. Chemical constituent of impure arsenic, 19, Children grow to maturity, 20. Scots wish sounds worse in vulgar tongue, 21. Told an untruth in a German ballad. 22. Guillemot genus a century before the old name of the King's Bench Court. 23, Petty quarrel (if taken to heart), 24. Giant king with a Scots eye. 25. "When —— comes, dule comes,

Cauld feet and legs'. 26. Think back for a reward. 27. Former confederation of Serbian village communities (but it is German to father). 28. Preceded a parent of the Dioscuri. 29. Genus of mallows, it a pagent of the Dioscutt. 29, Gends of manows, it is said, in a different way. 30. Human affairs generally escape biography. 31, Part of what Koko drew in his needless anxiety. 32. Book of the Dead. 33. Useless plant—but not to smokers. 34. Make a meal of coffee dregs.

#### Solution of No. 1,113

Prizewinners:
J. R. H. Bott
(Douglas, I.O.M.);
D. Hollingshead
(Shipley); F.
Lawlor (Crumlin); Lawlor (Crumlin); H. W. Pugh (Stoke-on-Trent); G. C. Scott (Leeds)



NOTES

The key word 18 9D=FRUGALITY and not 17A=VULGARITY Across. 15-18. GARNET Fr. GRENAT, 19-16. GRAVES (Whitman).

Down. 4B-3B. HAP=wrap up, NEP=knot, HAPPEN. 22. VIRES (ultra vires)=beyond one's power.

22. VIRES (ultra vires)—beyond one's power.

CROSSWORD RULES.—(1) Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of The LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.I., and should be marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. (2) Clues are not normally given for words of two letters. There are no capricious traps, Each competitor is allowed to submit only one sofution, but legitimate alternatives are accepted. (3) Collaborators may send in only a single joint solution. (4) Subject to the above rules the senders of the first five correct solutions opened are awarded a book token of the value specified. (5) In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final.

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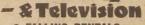
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